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*By Irwin Edman*

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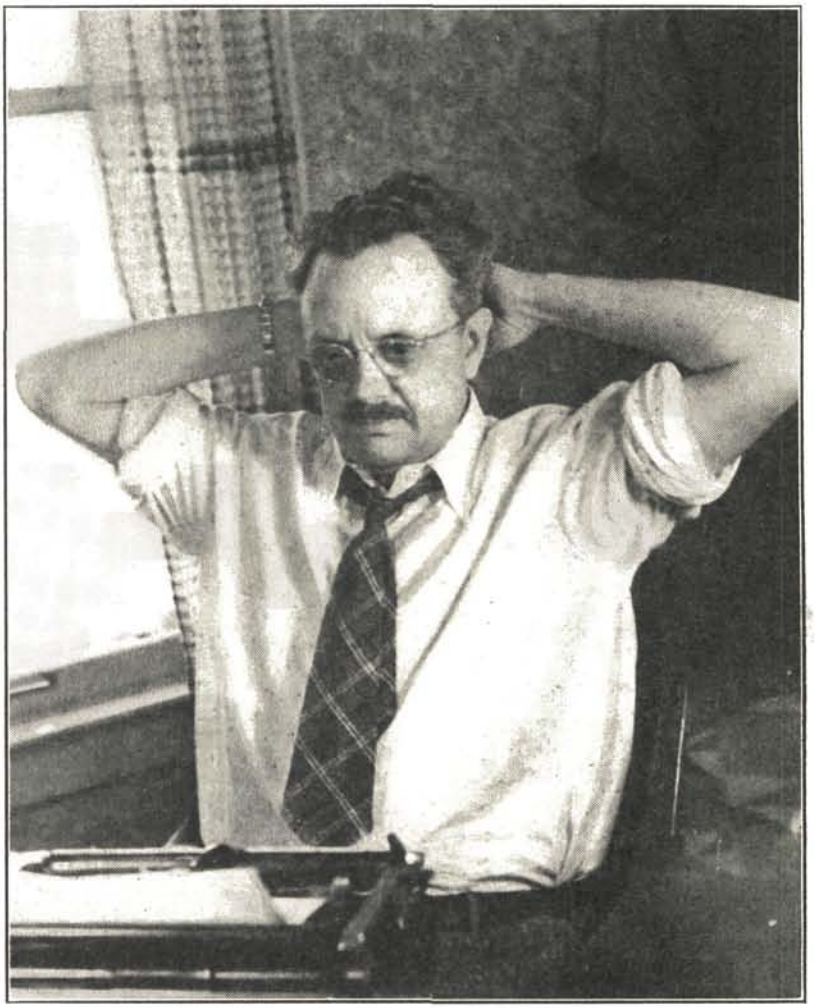

CLYDE BRION DAVIS

"It makes an old newspaper man almost a little homesick for that absurd and beloved life, when one believed so much and even one's iconoclasms were blessedly childish." . . .

*(See page 5)*

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# The Man Who Didn't Want to Be a Writer

BY IRWIN EDMAN

"The navy was the perfect thing for him. He could read for hours at a stretch. . . ." (Library of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club.)

OCCASIONALLY one writes something that seems to a few readers in far places to be addressed directly to them, to speak specifically of them, and they are moved to write to the author as to an unknown friend. In 1926 I published an imaginary portrait called "Richard Kane Looks at Life." It was an attempt to give the picture of the awakening mind of the more sensitive American college student. I mention it here because had I not published it I should never have come to know Jewell V. Jones, able seaman, and I should not be writing of him now.

I had received a whole sheaf of letters from young men and women just in college or just out of it or ten years after their degree. How did I know? I had written their autobiography. It was gratifying, of course, to believe that without realizing it I had written the pattern of the spiritual problems of young women in South Carolina and young men in California, in both of which places I had never been. The letters followed, on the whole, identical patterns, and I got anesthetized to them. But there came in the mail one morning a communication that arrested my attention, first by the address at its head, and secondly by the unexpected background of the writer, and by a certain curiosity-provoking flair in the writing.

Brooklyn Navy Yard,
Dec. 5, 1926.

Dear Sir,

I am a gob in the United States Navy, twenty-four years old. I have been in the navy two years and I have just reenlisted. Before enlisting for the first time, I had bummed around the country on various odd jobs, trucking, dishwashing, etc. I was one of seven children in a white trash family in the mountains of Kentucky. So you see the accidents of my life are not Richard Kane's, but in essence you have written my autobiography.

The letter continued to say that Mencken might shout and Will Durant might bawl (the study of philosophy was then all the rage), John Erskine might smile his deep, knowing smile about life ("The Private Life of Helen of Troy" had just appeared), but there were certain things I had done that were unparalleled in American literature. Among others I was clearly the American master of alliteration.

The source, the tone, the strange medley of directness and rhetoric, of insight and naiveté, prompted me to wonder about Jewell V. Jones. I think I was especially taken by the philosophical sentence about essence and accidents. How did that get into the vocabulary of a gob with such a history? I looked at the address again. Brooklyn Navy Yard. Perhaps the *U. S. Detroit* was still in port. I wrote a note to Jewell V. Jones inviting him to come to see me. The letter had said, apparently wistfully, that he had never had any personal relations with a writer in his life.

A few days later I received the following reply:—

> Three days ago I wrote you a sincerely appreciative letter. In return I received a two-page typewritten outline, headed "Experience and Metaphysics." It was unsigned. But I can think of nobody except you who would conceivably write to me who would be interested in such matters. Is this an oracular and mystical way of giving me advice, or is it simply a piece of professorial absent-mindedness?

I had already discovered my mistake the evening before at Cooper Union where I had taken out of my portfolio not the notes I meant to have brought with me, but a note to Jewell V. Jones. It had not been fatal. One sometimes gives a better lecture for having forgotten one's notes. The letter killeth. I tried again. I wrote again asking Mr. Jones whether he would telephone me and let me know whether he could come to dinner with me, and when. The next evening about ten-thirty the telephone rang. He was sorry to telephone so late but he had just got off the boat. He had asked the operator to "ring softly" lest I be already asleep. It was a soft Southern drawl that came over the wire.

"You really don't want to see me, sir. I should only bore you. I have nothing to say. I'd like to listen, but I'm afraid you're much too busy."

I insisted.

Promptly the next evening, at seven to the dot per appointment, there was a vigorous ring at the doorbell of my apartment. I opened the door to see standing before me in a gob's uniform a powerfully built young man, six foot three at least, with a gentle expression and, I could not help observing, a pair of strong, enormously large hands, one of which firmly gripped mine. Mr. Jones came in diffidently.

"I could not make up my mind whether or not you'd be embarrassed by my coming in my uniform," he drawled hesitantly. "I know what people think of sailors."

"How absurd, Mr. Jones," I said. "It's late and perhaps you are hungry; let's go over to the Faculty Club which is close by, and talk at dinner."

"Oh, no," he said with a look of genu-

## Next Week

HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS
By CHRISTINA STEAD
*Reviewed by Elliot Paul*

D'ANNUNZIO
By TOM. ANTONGINI
*Reviewed by Ernest Boyd*

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ine alarm, "then they'll *surely* think you're the most idiosyncratic professor at Columbia."

"I don't like the 'surely,'" I said.

But Mr. Jones was firm. He would not imperil an academic reputation by coming to the Faculty Club in sailor's uniform as my guest. We went to a restaurant in the neighborhood and returned to the apartment after dinner. Jewell V. Jones told me a good deal about his education, which was largely of his own making, and of his reasons, quite considered, for going into the navy and staying there. Ever since he could remember he had been interested vaguely in philosophical questions. What it was all about, what one could believe, what one meant by time and by the good life. He had knocked about the country a good deal, and nothing seemed to come of his life. He had no particular ambitions, save that of understanding existence and making a contemplative peace with it. It had dawned on him that the navy would be just the thing. If it had been the Middle Ages, he said, he would have gone into a monastery. American life was full of hasty ambition; it led nowhere when successful, and he doubted that he would have been successful. The navy was the perfect thing for him. He was not in the Signal Corps and had plenty of leisure, and a light to read by. He could read hours at a stretch and could have the spaces of the long days at sea for thinking. He had thought about a lot of things: God, freedom, immortality and, well, the state of the world.

"Do you have much trouble getting books?" I asked.

"That's just the trouble," he said. "I can't buy many, and I don't quite know what to buy. But I subscribe to all the —what do they call them?—quality magazines: the *Atlantic*, the *Century*, the *Scribe*, the *Nation*, etc. I read 'Richard Kane' when it came out in the *Century*. I lent it to the Captain. And when I am in New York I go to the Public Library and there's a fair library at the Soldier's and Sailor's Club."

"But you must want people to talk to about the things that seem to interest you," I said. "Surely you don't find a lot of contemplative philosophers on board the cruiser *Detroit*."

"No, I don't; but I get along well with my shipmates. I'm young, too, you know, and we're all full of animal spirits. They're nice chaps. Most of them are in the navy because they couldn't stand being at home any more. Many of them have stepmothers."

"Do any of your companions know about these intellectual interests of yours?" I asked. "Don't some of them regard them as a little queer?"

"Oh, they notice I read a lot, and they think it's some kind of deep stuff. But they sometimes tease me about it. They call me the Professor."

*Minton, Balch & Co.*

**"I had received a whole sheaf of letters from young men and women just in college or just out of it" . . . (Columbia University Library: etching by Ernest D. Roth, from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1935.")**

"I don't suppose they ever ask you about such things, do they?"

"Oh, once in a while. You know a group of men, if they talk long enough, hit upon what you call somewhere Ultimate Things. I heard some of them discussing the belief in a future life one day, and one of them said, 'Ask Jones; he knows.'"

"You know as much as most authorities on the subject about that," I suggested.

At half-past nine a friend of mine dropped in unexpectedly. He had been an officer in the navy during the war. Jones and he talked shop a little. Suddenly, to my friend's amusement and my embarrassment, the sailor turned to my friend and, leaning forward said:

"Mr. Burrill, don't you think Mr. Edman writes well?"

My friend said, smiling, that he thought I did.

"But I mean," persisted Mr. Jones, "don't you like his lyric flights?"

"When they're controlled flights," was the reply. My friend had only the day before pointed out a page in which I had, as he put it, "gone roller skating on the rainbow."

"Controlled flights," said Sailor Jones with impatience, and rose and spat on the floor. There are all stages of definiteness in criticism.

The talk drifted to music, and I played some, a new record of Mozart's Minuet from "Don Giovanni." The sailor listened attentively. "I wish I could hear more music," he said.

As he was leaving that evening, he said, "This is the first time in my life I have spoken to a person who really lives with the things I am interested in. I am very grateful. But I am going to ask a favor. You know you asked me before whom I can talk to about the things that I like to think about. Well, there is really no one. I have a girl friend in Florida; she's a stenographer. I put a lot into letters to her that I am not sure she cares much to read. Just to get it out of my system. Might I write to you occasionally? I know you're busy and won't have time to answer, and I know my letters will sound simple-minded. But it would help me to get it out of my system on to paper. Do you mind?"

"I should be delighted," I said, "and I shall answer as often as I can. And you must come to see me whenever you are in port."

"It won't be often," he said; "we're off next week for maneuvers in the Pacific; you know, you've been reading about it in the papers, in the interest of peace."

From then on, from time to time, I would get long letters from Jewell, single-spaced typewritten, full of his comments on everything he thought and had been reading about. They were strange blends of perception and single-mindedness. He had all the faults of the self-educated man as well as his virtues. There would be *bravura* phrases followed by grammatical mistakes, and a ruthless devastation of Eddington or Jeans followed by a piece of sentimental mysticism or innocence. "I read your article on Spinoza in the *Sunday Times*," he wrote once; "I have sent it to my girl friend in Florida." Or, again, "We have arrived in Oporto after a week's simulated naval warfare at sea. I found my February *Atlantic* awaiting me. In it concludes Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's 'The Modern Temper.' The editor of the *Atlantic* remarks it is now an open season for Joseph Wood Krutch. Well, I shall begin. I think Mr. Krutch's pessimism is just a form of masochism thinly disguised. I wish somebody would remind him that the question 'Is Life Worth Living?,' as Samuel Butler puts it, is a question fit for an embryo, not for a man." There would be disquisitions on what was wrong with sea writers and why he didn't propose to become one. There would be inquiries as to how a naturalistic philosophy, such as I had recently outlined in the *Nation* under the title of "The New Naturalism," could ever give a comprehensive meaning to life in the way that the older theologies or metaphysical idealisms did. There would be Whitmanesque paeans, though he did not like Whitman.

It was the next December before I saw my sailor friend again. He had telephoned that he was in New York and I had invited him to Sunday dinner at one. It was one-thirty when he came rushing in, browned, hatless, coatless, flurried, and a large package under his arm.

"I'm sorry to be late," he said.

"I was beginning to be a little worried, but it doesn't matter."

(*Continued on page* 16)

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# Homer Zigler Goes Home

*"THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL." By Clyde Brion Davis. Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.*

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

PLEASE get this straight: the title of Clyde Davis's novel is in quotes. It's a perfect title; that phrase long ago became a comic label, and Homer Zigler (that name is perfect too) was the kind of fellow who would have taken it seriously. Homer Zigler was a newspaper reporter who kept himself going by the notion that some day he would write the G.A.N. Through the drudgery of the city room and the copy desk, through the bickerings of an ill-chosen marriage, through the self-induced hallucinations of his extra-sensory dreams of Fran, the Glamor Girl, he compensates (if that is the current cant) by the assurance of his ultimate achievement. And here, in his poor secret diary kept over thirty years, is his pitiful Dutch courage, his psychic dream.

I was about to say, this is the saddest book of the year (a healthy and astringent sadness) when I suddenly remembered that it is also heartily amusing. One smiles over it in the tender and forgiving mood that one accords to one's own bygone simplicities. The journal of Homer Zigler is the one we all kept. Perhaps this is almost the only genuine novel ever written about a newspaper man. (Montague's "A Hind Let Loose" is too witty.) If you read it attentively, savoring its ayenbite of inwit—that is its sharp tooth for city room pathos and hooey; its candid camera of the simple-hearted fellows who believe everything that comes over a leased wire—you might well be appalled. What, these bald and ribald news-editors in eyeshades (no wonder), who tell the world; these lively reporters who can turn the most troublesome anxieties into a wisecrack—are they just frustrated simpletons like Homer Zigler, or ourselves?

I happened to be rereading an old book —which the sentimental Homer Zigler would have loved, and would at once have altered the wave-length of his own G.A.N. to conform—"The Quest of the Golden Girl," by Richard Le Gallienne. There I found an amusing line: "Books are simply professional liars about life, and the books that are best worth reading are those which lie the most beautifully." In that fin de siècle doctrine Homer Zigler was unconsciously brought up. But the beauty of Mr. Davis's heart-searching chronicle is that there isn't a lie in it. With the exception of the final summary of poor Zigler's plot—which becomes too painfully goofy for acceptance —the whole thing is grimly, even gruesomely, true. It makes an old newspaper man almost a little homesick for that absurd and beloved life, when one believed so much and even one's iconoclasms were blessedly childish.

This, then, is the diary of Homer Zigler, newspaper man; but in the form of that diary (superbly accurate to what an unmaturable naif would record) it becomes an engrossing novel. Homer Zigler, when he least suspected it, was a good writer. Turning the crank of the ice cream freezer, or the interview with William Jennings Bryan, or the squatters' shack pulled down by the locomotive, or the dreadful struggle of decision on the snowy railroad platform, these are superb bits of impressionism. But when he sat down to try to dope out a story for the *Satevepost* or to reconstruct his imagined novel in the light of the latest best seller, then Homer went boiler-plate. His only literary achievement was one 8-column head—WARREN HARDING GOES HOME FOREVER.

The book is more than the diary of Homer Zigler, it's the diary of his country from 1906 to 1937. With intuitive skill Mr. Davis has made Zigler record just the things that are now queer to remember. Election figures, the scoffed-at beginnings of aviation, the certainty that America had no concern in the World War. Zigler worked on papers in Buffalo, Cleveland, Kansas City, San Francisco, and Denver. Mercifully, Mr. Davis does not bring him to New York. There, poor soul, he would have wanted to become a Feature Writer.

I think and hope you will not read this book unmoved.

# Building America

*AMERICAN YEARS. By Harold Sinclair. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.75.*

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

HAROLD SINCLAIR'S book is going to make many other current novels look dismally vapid and anemic by comparison. For "American Years," Mr. Sinclair has claimed all the exuberant vitality that goes into the building of a town.

In 1830, the town of Everton, existed only as a cunning idea in the mind of a trader who had land to sell and who saw a potential profit in bullying the Illinois government into establishing the seat of a new county on his property. Thirty years later, Everton had become an important railroad town, bustling with activity. Settlers had rushed in to give their undaunted strength to clearing the land; to raising crops and hogs; to fighting blizzards, droughts, forest fires, Indians; to teaching themselves, by a rugged trial and error method, the rudiments of the professions; in brief, to creating a new society.

**"Settlers had rushed in . . . fighting blizzards, droughts, forest fires, Indians." (From "The Best Fifty Currier & Ives Prints.")**

"American Years" is the first volume of a projected trilogy; it ends with the outbreak of the Civil War. In its intimate attention to the histories of a widely contrasted group of men and women, the book has a certain curious resemblance to the "Spoon River Anthology." But there is this tremendous difference: the people are all vividly alive. They do not speak in the lugubrious tone of Masters's prairie folk; nor do they express his defeatist philosophy. In this fierce, high-spirited conflict, men whose scruples are none too fine elbow each other to achieve advantageous position, each taking what he can get without referring his decisions delicately to conscience. But out of the scuffle emerges not merely an enterprising town, but a hardy set of values which, more and more, tend to become personified in Illinois's favorite son, Abraham Lincoln.

As a work of art, "American Years" has one serious fault. Since the town itself is the protagonist, no one figure in it may be permitted to assume a dominating position. The very diversity of the book's interest robs it of that concentrated power which certain of the greatest novels possess by virtue of the vividness of a central human figure. All of the characters in "American Years" are vivid, but none is developed so deeply as to command a reader's loyalty.

But what does command irresistibly one's unwavering interest is the rich knowledge of background, types, enterprises. From page to page, the book is read in eager anticipation of a ribald laugh, a moment of indignation, a flash of recognition. Mr. Sinclair has given a vigorous, humorous, and often beautiful account of the hardihood, brutality, and dedicated fervor that has gone into the building of America.

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# Inventory of Nash: 1938

*I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF. By Ogden Nash. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.* 1938. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

OGDEN NASH has been both overpraised and underrated; his stock has gone up and down and up again; his highs are often confused with his lows. Nevertheless, in a rapidly changing world and a nervously fluctuating market, he has always had more orders than he could fill. Although highly salable, his work is interesting to brows of all altitudes; it is intelligent and always unpredictable. Nash is, therefore, something of a phenomenon as poet and producer, and he merits a more detailed stock-taking than he has received.

There are, first of all, Nash's two most obvious characteristics. Both of them are curiosities in technique: the long, asymmetrical lines, and the elaborately inexact rhymes. One or two fanatical source-hunters have found the origin of Nash's lengthy eccentricities in Gilbert's "Lost Mr. Blake." But an unprejudiced comparison will show that the two styles have nothing in common. Apart from the almost opposite idioms, Gilbert's lines are consistently long and fairly regular, while Nash's line-lengths vary from two to sixty-two syllables; Nash's unmatched and unscannable lines are his own, a distinct technical departure. Nevertheless, I do not think they are particularly effective. Their charm is the frail charm of the unexpected; with each repetition the surprise is a little less surprising—so much so that when Nash, after hundreds of purposefully shapeless verses, printed a few poems in traditional meters, his readers were really surprised. In the present volume, as in the preceding "The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse," the keenest as well as the most comical verses are those in which the rhythm is regular and the lines quite orthodox in shape. I would be disposed to put the "invention" of the irregular line on the debit side.

The rhymes are another matter. Here the reader is constantly and incredibly assaulted by a shock which is partly esthetic and partly galvanic. A rhyming word is usually a preparation for another rhyming word; Nash delights the reader with the pleasure of inexactitude, with words that rhyme reluctantly, with words that nearly-but-do-not-quite rhyme, with words which never before had any relation with each other and which never again will be on rhyming terms. These distortions are at their best when they are their worst. What reader can fail to be startled when confronted with a poem which begins:

> Oh, sometimes I sit around and think,
> what would you do if you were up
> a dark alley and there was Caesar
> Borgia,
> And he was coming torgia,
> And brandished a poisoned poniard,
> And looked at you like an angry fox
> looking at the plumpest rooster in
> a boniard?

*Photo by Rex Hardy, Courtesy of* Life *Magazine*

**"Nonsense and criticism elbow each other in Nash; he is a crazy story-teller one moment, a satirist the next . . ."**

Such rhymes are as delightful as they are astonishing; they are like apparently improvised speeches in which the errors are more lively—and more likable—than the prepared accuracies. I should say that Nash's calculated recklessness in rhyme belongs definitely on the credit side.

Nash has been applauded for his industry and his verbal ingenuities. Both are virtues, but they become vices with Nash. For one thing, he writes too much. At first his work seems amazing; then it becomes amusing; after too many repetitions of the same effects, it descends to the mechanical. The present volume contains almost three hundred pages; were it half as long it would be twice as good. Productiveness not only compels Nash to pad but to pretend. He has to pretend to be funnier than he really is, or to be funny when he wants to be serious, or to give a "snap" to a title which might better have been casual or non-committal. I feel he is working too hard when he forces himself to such titles as "To Bargain, Toboggan, To-Woo!" "Boop-Boop-Adieup, Little Group!" "Man Bites Dog-Days," "Where There's a Will, There's Velleity," "Little Miss Muffet Sat on a Prophet," "Barmaids Are Diviner than Mermaids." Working overtime and straining too often put much of Nash's output on the debit side.

But the rest of Nash belongs on the sunny side of the ledger. His verse always makes good reading; often it is the best light verse written in America today. The territory might be extended to include England, for, with the possible exception of A. P. Herbert, there is no one here or abroad who can surpass the straight-faced absurdity of "Adventures of Isabel," the sensible nonsense of "Curl Up and Diet," the clipped but devastating disposals of "Fellow Creatures." Nash's "The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse," and in particular "The Tale of Custard the Dragon," proved he could be as nimble and original as A. A. Milne; page after page in the present volume proves he can take the leap from childlike fancy to social satire in one effortless stride. It is hard for me to understand why no musician, manager, or theatrical producer has made Nash supply book and lyrics for a series of native comic operas, especially since there seems to be an almost hopeless search for librettists with imagination.

It is in this realm, the realm of incalculable imagination, that Nash is happiest and at his highest. Time and again he begins inconsequentially, with a wisp of an idea, or with no thought at all. Once upon a time, he mumbles to himself, there was a man named Mr. Strawbridge. Strawbridge rhymes with drawbridge, and so the poem not only is about Mr. Strawbridge who wanted a drawbridge, but about what kind of a drawbridge would please him best. He wanted it be-

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cause he wanted to interfere with traffic; on his house he had a veranda built (rhyming with Vanderbilt) so that he could look at the Atlantic Ocean,

> But he said sometimes on Sundays and holidays he couldn't see the Atlantic for the motorists,
> And he said he'd rather see the former than the latter even though they were handsome and respectable Kiwanians and Lions and Rotarists,

And so the poem goes wildly on from one mad fantasy to another—and all because the name of Strawbridge popped into Nash's oddly proportioned mind.

Nonsense and criticism elbow each other in Nash; he is a crazy story-teller one moment, a satirist the next, a wit who takes to clowning to correct pretense and expose hypocrisy. Playfully but incisively he makes his summaries with the deceptive calm of the following "tribute":

> How courteous is the Japanese;
> He always says, "Excuse it, please."
> He climbs into his neighbor's garden,
> And smiles, and says, "I beg your pardon";
> He bows and grins a friendly grin,
> And calls his hungry family in;
> He grins, and bows a friendly bow:
> "So sorry, this my garden now."

Such moments occur frequently enough to lift Nash above his own pleasant insanities; they are funny, but they are wryly, seriously humorous. Some day the committee which gratifyingly awarded a Pulitzer Prize to Morrie Ryskind, George S. Kaufman, and the Gershwins for "Of Thee I Sing" will give Nash that honor for adding a new approach, a new style, and a new meaning to American social verse. This will be as much a surprise to the committee as it will be to Mr. Nash.

## Spring on the Estuary

BY ELLIOTT COLEMAN

THE wind swung south in April, and the sky
Split wide at middle moon. Like daffodils
The light fell glittering to the snow. Then high
Above the counter current rose the hills
Of rain. The night went prison gray. The smell
Of southern mosses made sandpipers sing.
With what slow struggle only dawn could tell,
The marsh and pasture trembled into spring.

And three parts wind and one part sun make deathless
The beech tree, shadowing a purple run
Of horns against the cottage; white and breathless
The walls we built beneath the middle sun,
Of dust of the air, dust of the lilac tree,
Dust of the earth, and salt of the curling sea.

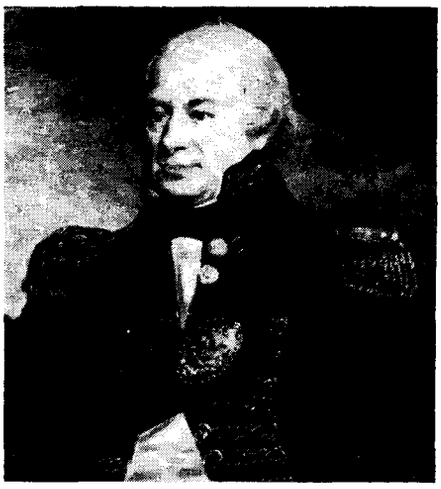
# Soldier without Scruples

*TARNISHED WARRIOR. The Story of Major-General James Wilkinson. By Major James R. Jacobs. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

TARNISHED warrior indeed! Few American adventurers—few men of any race—have dabbled in more plots, betrayed more friends and superiors, shown more brazen duplicity, and gambled for higher stakes than Wilkinson; few have made intrigue and deception pay better or longer. The young Marylander who threw aside his medical books to join the American army in 1775 appropriately received his first real military tuition from Benedict Arnold; he fittingly got his promotion to a brigadier-generalship (at Gates's instigation) for services that should have been credited to others. This precocious general had hardly attained the age of twenty-one before he was forced to resign as a sequel of his connection with the Conway Cabal against Washington. He was hardly thirty when, settled at Louisville after the war, he had begun his long career as tool and spy of Spain in the Southwest, being paid some $26,000 within a decade for his services to the Spanish crown; while at the same time he actively intrigued against Spain. His reward for treachery to General Anthony Wayne in the Indian War of 1794 was promotion to be general in command of the whole American regular army—he meanwhile retaining his Spanish pension. This was followed by his promotion to be governor of the upper part of Louisiana, in which office he performed the feat of betraying that arch-betrayer Aaron Burr. Skating on the thinnest of thin ice, playing his game of cheat-the-cheaters with unflagging zest, he apparently enjoyed mendacity and treason. And when he was finally exposed and disgraced, his strut and bluster remained undiminished. He merely used his pen for imposture, writing "Memoirs" that were as untrustworthy as his word.

We say he was finally exposed—yet in his own day the exposure was but partial. It remained for a succession of scholars long afterward to ferret out the details of his Machiavellian intrigues with Spain, with Western separatists, with border malcontents, and in fact with anybody who paid a price. Major Jacobs has gathered together the detective work of various monographers, and added much of his own. He has done more. Far better than anyone else, he has painted the character of this restless adventurer and made him convincing. Wilkinson in his prime was an engaging scoundrel. Jovial, hospitable, and talkative, he always made a fine impression. He had an exuberant and inexhaustible energy; he spent his money—and anybody else's—with gay abandon; he drank and swore and strutted in a way that army circles and Western men liked. In middle life he could tell brave stories of his exploits—of his campaigns in the Revolution; of the Presidents he had known; of adventures all the way from Detroit and Montreal to Havana and New Orleans. He lived in a bright, careless, reckless world, seizing its pleasures and profits, and never thinking of its dangers and penalties. He was versatile and resourceful—he could farm, sell merchandise, deliver babies, command armies, administer complex and burdensome offices. His aplomb never failed him in the tightest predicament. Somehow he would bluster, intrigue, and lie his way out—or try to do so. Even when old, poverty-stricken, and disregarded, a voluntary exile in Mexico, he retained his independence of spirit. He boasted that he would take nothing from the "little Jesuit Madison or his bifaced successor Monroe," and received a call from the Emperor Iturbide with his wonted dignity.



"Few American adventurers . . . have dabbled in more plots." . . . (Portrait of Wilkinson by Stuart, owned by H. G. Allen, New Orleans.)

In short, the "tarnished warrior" was a good deal of a man. He was a remarkable figure who simply lacked one essential element—a regard for truth or honor. The lack was rather trying to his contemporaries, but in Major Jacobs's pages he appears amoral rather than immoral. The author, whose research in documentary sources has been most thorough, and whose pen is graceful and interesting, does justice to Wilkinson's adventures and to his picturesque associates. He also gives an admirable brief description of life in the American army in the first decades after independence. Wilkinson has waited long for his biographer, but he has received one who treats well the remarkable theme.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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## The Federal Arts Bill

THE Sirovich bill to establish a Federal Bureau of Fine Arts was favorably reported last week by the House Patents Committee. This bill differs in several respects from the Fine Arts bill sponsored by Senator Pepper in the Senate. The Sirovich legislation would place the Bureau in the Department of the Interior, instead of directly under the President. It provides that the Director of the Bureau shall be appointed by the President, without intervening nominations. Perhaps most important of all, it omits the preposterous preamble of the Pepper bill, which holds that the arts in this country are the possession of a moneyed minority. Altogether, the Sirovich bill is an improvement over the Pepper bill in its superficial features. Essentially, nevertheless, the two bills are alike in their effect, which is to put the Arts Projects of the W.P.A. on a permanent basis.

The Arts Projects were originally created as a relief measure. The sponsors of the Federal Arts bill, however, are not emphasizing relief; their professed aim is to elevate the cultural level of the community. The Federal Arts bill, in brief, provides for a Bureau of Fine Arts, managed by a Director and five Assistant Directors under the supervision of the Secretary of the Interior. The Bureau is to contain five divisions, including the theater, music, literature, the graphic and plastic arts, and the dance. Persons and properties now employed on Arts Projects of the W.P.A. may be transferred to the Bureau, and the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to employ additional persons. The minimum wage for artists employed by the Bureau is fixed at thirty dollars a week.

This covers considerable territory, and opens a wide field for argument on all five fronts. The issues are complex, and the present discussion will confine itself to the proposals of the bill in relation to literature. That is the field which particularly concerns *The Saturday Review;* and the other divisions are being abundantly debated elsewhere. Whatever may be the arguments in the other four categories, it is in relation to literature that the Federal Arts bill seems weakest. As we have pointed out before in connection with the Federal Writers' Project, it is impossible to establish a satisfactory definition of a writer. The Project at present unquestionably includes—and its contemplated extension would certainly include—a variegated assortment of amateur talent whose only relation to the term "writer" is one of wish-fulfillment. At least theoretically, the Arts Projects are stronger in the drama, music, and the plastic arts than in literature because an actor, a musician, a painter, or a sculptor supposedly has credentials of training or experience which can be produced in evidence of his qualifications. Even in those fields the credentials are, as we implied, sometimes theoretical; conceivably some of the actors, for instance, could produce no more substantial credentials than a desire to act. Unfortunately, the woods are full of writers whose only credentials consist of a desire to write. The editors of *Story Magazine* estimate that there are 500,000 amateur short-story writers at present operating typewriters in this country. The quantity of amateur poets must be greater; add the would-be novelists, essayists, and dramatists—only a research job among editors and literary agents, who are constantly on the lookout for promising material, could arrive at a fair estimate of their enormous number—and you will begin to get some idea of the amount of hopeless, unpublishable work constantly being turned out.

Many of the writers who produce this work are without employment or income, and must be taken care of by the government. But it is no part of the public obligation to see that they are employed *as writers;* nor, we submit, will the government raise the cultural level of the American people by encouraging the untalented to continue writing.

The weakness of the writers' position in relation to the Federal Arts bill was made evident at a meeting which we recently attended, called by a committee of the League of American Writers to discuss the proposed legislation. The chairman at these proceedings was a man better known as a painter than as a writer. This may have been incidental, but it seemed significant in view of the arguments which we heard presented for the bill. The chairman, Mr. Rockwell Kent, said he thought it would benefit artists. The author of the legislation, Mr. Sirovich, made a flamboyant address, in the course of which he treated us to a novel interpretation of the history of civilization; he went on to predict that the Bureau of Fine Arts would result in the development of an American Correggio, Raphael, and Michelangelo (whether separately or all in one we could not make out); and he told us that 92,000,000 people have seen productions of the Federal Theater. Another speaker rather casually reviewed the tribulations of various eminent composers, which he ascribed to their precarious financial position. In two hours of talk we heard only brief references to the Federal Writers' Project—and this at a meeting of writers! The impression was unavoidable that the arguments for the bill are stronger in the fields of music, drama, and graphic art, and that the writers were thumbing a ride.

This is not to say that all writers at present on the Writers' Project, or all those who would collect $30 a week from the proposed Bureau of Fine Arts, are hopeless amateurs. But you cannot keep the amateurs out; you cannot even keep them in the minority; and it is the amateurs who need the Federal bounty more than the competent professionals. Patrons of the arts in Congress can be counted upon to know more about patronage than they do about art; and any expectation that the Bureau of Fine Arts would operate without regard to politics seems to us incredibly naive.

Political questions are not the only ones which could make the operation of the Bureau of Fine Arts go haywire. There would also be the simple matter of what the Director and Associate Directors think is good writing and what they think is bad writing. With all due respect to the gentleman from Greenwich Village, we recall an episode a few years back when he issued an ill-considered denunciation of dramatic critics following the unsuccessful production of one of his plays; and we wonder what kind of literature would be encouraged by the Bureau if Congressman Sirovich became one of the Directors. And, incidentally, would some of the left-wingers now supporting the Sirovich bill be supporting it if Ray Lyman Wilbur, for instance, were Secretary of the Interior instead of Harold L. Ickes?

The question remains whether the Bureau of Fine Arts would still support enough good writers to justify itself in terms of cultural influence. This can be answered only in terms of experience. The activities of the Federal Writers' Project to date have unquestionably contributed to culture. The guide books themselves are creditable achievements, and behind them lies an enormous mass of documentary discovery, the importance of which to scholarship can be taken for granted. But to argue that the cultural value of all this justifies the expense of the project is to put a high price on culture—a price at which, we think, the American public will refuse to be sold.

What justifies the Federal Writers' Project is the necessity for relief of the people it employs. *The Saturday Review* is in favor of the continuation of relief as long as it remains necessary. But we are not in favor of the proposal to perpetuate a department of relief on the spurious and irrelevant grounds that it will contribute to our cultural development.

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# Letters to the Editor: *The Bill of Rights; Notes on Novelettes*

## "You Can't Do That"

SIR:—I do not often write to newspapers to protest against the injustice of a book review, for the reason that I believe a reviewer should say what is in his mind. All of us have a right to express our personal opinions.

But the review of George Seldes's "You Can't Do That" by Guido Pantaleoni, Jr., bewilders me.

Your reviewer seems astonished that Mr. Seldes "dragged in" the Bill of Rights in his discussion of current American affairs. But the Bill of Rights is a part of the American Constitution. Why shouldn't he drag it in?

Your reviewer says that, in Mr. Seldes's own words, he is a "Have-not" and one of the "intellectuals who always side with the dispossessed." Why shouldn't he? Has that suddenly become a source of reproach?

Your reviewer says that Mr. Seldes "believes in a separate labor party supported by labor and labor only, owing no allegiance to the vested interests." Then, he says incomprehensibly, "Fine, more power to him"—meaning Mr. Seldes—"One can only wish that he had said just that and not dragged in the Bill of Rights."

I must say that I do not understand this. What has the Bill of Rights to do with it?

W. E. WOODWARD.

New York City

## Mr. Pantaleoni Replies

SIR:—I am sorry that my review of Mr. Seldes' book was not clear to Mr. Woodward.

My criticism of "You Can't Do That" was that it purported to be a defense of the Bill of Rights, an exposé of the dangers threatening it, and a plea for its defense, when in reality it was propaganda for the Labor movement and the "Have-nots." I based this criticism primarily on the fact that while Mr. Seldes waxes indignant at the methods used by the vested interests in the present economic struggle, he carefully omits any reference to the equally serious outrages committed by the "Have-nots" and the dispossessed. At the present time, when the Bill of Rights is under attack everywhere else in the world by both groups, by the "Haves" as well as the "Have-nots," it is vitally important to keep the distinction between the point of view of the liberal, who is interested primarily in the methods, and the point of view of either of the warring factions who are concerned with the ends.

Books like this one are largely responsible for the present tendency to confuse liberalism and the Bill of Rights with Socialism and other drives by the "Have-nots." The result of such confusion is irritation and suspicion of all truly liberal movements.

Mr. Seldes criticizes, and rightly, the current thought which confuses patriotism with the capitalist system. He of all people should be meticulous in avoiding a similar confusion between the Bill of Rights and the Labor movement. For the Liberty League to drag in the subject of the individual rights of man as a cloak for the defense of their vested interests is no worse than what Mr. Seldes and his Labor party are doing. The tragedy is that between the two of them they are killing what slight liberal sentiment is still with us.

Books like "You Can't Do That" simply confirm the fascist and communist thesis that there is no one today and never has been anyone who would defend free speech unless he agreed with what was to be spoken and that liberalism is nothing but hypocrisy.

GUIDO PANTALEONI, JR.

New York City

"First they said my novel was too matter of fact, and now they say my autobiography is fictitious."

## Short Novels and Rental Libraries

SIR:—Apropos of Leland Lovelace's letter in your current issue advocating shorter novels: "Remembering Laughter" by Wallace Stegner, published by Little, Brown & Company, is a novelette of the first water. Other outstanding short novels which occur to me are "Of Mice and Men" by John Steinbeck, "Village Tale" by John de Meyer, "The Late Col. Judd" by Dana Breed, and "Dawn in Lyonesse" by Mary Ellen Chase.

Of course, there's a lot to be said for the short novel; like a detective tale, one may read it in one gulp—and digest it later on. But if the writer to your magazine had anything to do with lending libraries he would soon find out that average readers do not *want* such short stories as those mentioned above. They pick up a book like "Dangerous Years" or "Imperial City" and moan about its thickness; then they pick up another shorter book, remark "That's not long enough to hold me over a week-end," and go back to the big book with which they leave satisfied.

Rental libraries, it seems to me, have speeded up the average reader. One woman read "Dry Guillotine" in one evening. "Lisa Vale," Olive Prouty's new book, is read quickly and liked a lot. One young man I know reads a book quickly but afterwards makes a careful typewritten digest of its plot, characters, and general work-out. Over a period of years he has found these résumés invaluable. Such books as "Northwest Passage," "The South Wind of Love," and "American Dream" have proved very popular. These are all long novels. The appeal of "The Citadel" is universal; in this locality there are many nurses and doctors. And though this book is only 400 pages, the type is small and there's a lot of it on one page.

But to return to the letter which spurred me on to write all this, I personally feel that there is a distinct place for the short novel, or novelette. And I for one approve of it.

PETER FANEUIL, *President.*

Beaconside Book Shops, Inc.,
Boston, Mass.

## Uniatz

SIR:—Although this sounds almost like the beginning of a "chain letter," and I admit mixing my mysteries, I must protest against Judge Lynch's calling Uniatz a factotum when he is instead the unanswered dream of all women fair or foul: a man who never lets one down.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

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# Altgeld against the Pack

*"EAGLE FORGOTTEN": The Life of John Peter Altgeld. By Harry Barnard. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1938. $4.*

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

*Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.*
*Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.*

SO wrote Vachel Lindsay of his early hero, John Peter Altgeld, who was Democratic governor of Illinois in the early nineties. But the chemistry of time is peculiar, and it seldom lets a true idealist down. If Altgeld is obscure today, it is in the "famously obscure" sense of Ambrose Bierce's mordant couplet:

*Look how my fame has flown from zone to zone,*
*A thousand critics shouting: "He's unknown!"*

As a matter of fact, Altgeld, while an eagle, is not at all forgotten. He lives in the memoirs of Clarence Darrow, Edgar Lee Masters, and Brand Whitlock as one of the greatest American Jeffersonians. He lives in Dreiser's novel "The Titan," as one of the bravest of incorruptibles. He lives in every latter-day history of the American labor movement as a great soul who twice dared political ruin—once when he pardoned the three surviving Haymarket anarchists in 1893 and again when he snarled at Grover Cleveland's inept handling of the Pullman strike in 1894. Only recently Matthew Josephson has shown how Altgeld subtly maneuvered Cleveland and the eastern Gold Democrats out of their party's counsels in 1896, thus paving the way for William Jennings Bryan and his modern heir, Franklin D. Roosevelt. And now comes Harry Barnard with a rounded recapitulation and sound interpretation of a career that is one of the glories of American political history. All of this may add up to forgetfulness, but of how many State governors of the nineties can we say that they are better remembered?

Like most effective American liberals, Altgeld did not go into politics with the idea of being "pure." He was not above compromises, not above playing the game as it is usually played. An admirer of Henry George, he became a rich man by speculating in Chicago real estate during those hectic years when the city was recovering from its great fire of 1871. A sympathizer with the underdog, he kept his mouth shut when the merchant princes of the Loop and the entrepreneurs of the packing plants and harvester companies were howling for the blood of the Haymarket "rioters" of 1886. In most men such behavior would argue cowardice. And Altgeld was, in some respects, a moral coward; he believed in expediency. But only up to a point. To his friend Schilling, one of the more enlightened Chicago labor leaders of the eighties, he said: "You know, I have some of the same ideas that you have. But if I talked now as radical as I feel, I could not be where I am. I want to do something, not just make a speech. . . . I want power, to get hold of the handle that controls things. When I do, I will give it a twist!"

Many men have probably said this . . . and then forgotten all about it once they achieved power. Altgeld was that *rara avis*, the individualist, the go-getter, the man-of-affairs who could be very much of this world and yet above it. His childhood in Ohio—he grew up near Mansfield, in the county which Louis Bromfield has described so lyrically in "The Farm"—was a harsh one, and in school he felt he was John Peter Altgeld against the pack. When he went West, at the age of 21, it was to encounter a period of incredible suffering. His experiences made him avid for the main chance, but after he had seized that chance he didn't go back on his humble origins. He remembered that he was an immigrant, a "foreigner," like the thousands of working men—"anarchists" and "socialists"—who came to Chicago after the Civil War to work for the Yankees. His career in the law taught him that crime and poverty were more often associated than not, and he passed this wisdom on to Clarence Darrow, who later became his partner. Chicago business men couldn't see it the Altgeld way, the Darrow way, when the mysterious bomb exploded in Haymarket Square on May 4, 1886. No one knows to this day how the bomb came to be thrown, but to the Chicago business community the anarchists were guilty merely because they had advocated violence in their miserably-printed papers. To Altgeld, however, the law was the law, and men were innocent until they had been proved guilty. Unlike Henry Demarest Lloyd, unlike William Dean Howells, he failed to protest the Haymarket convictions at the time. But when he became Governor, a few years later, he gave a "twist" to the "handle that controls things" by issuing the pardon that was to make him a marked man for the rest of his political and economic life. Because of his idealism, because of his quiet intransigeance, the men who controlled credit in Chicago of the nineties saw to it that he died poor.

"The Vanguard of Anarchy:" a caricature of Altgeld from *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Barnard tells the pitiful and inspiring story in a straightforward way. He doesn't try to make Altgeld into an angel. He admits that petty personal motives sometimes dictated Altgeld's actions. But Altgeld can stand the truth. He trimmed and hedged when trimming and hedging were relatively unimportant. But when he had his chance he struck a real blow for freedom. The *Chicago Tribune* vilified him, the *New York Tribune* called his hands "blood-imbrued." Today his ideas seem mild. Is there a lesson here for contemporary newspaper publishers? Mr. Barnard's book would seem to indicate as much. Change a few of the names, and "Eagle Forgotten" becomes not only a history but a tract for 1938.

# Peace Literature

*CO-OPERATION OR COERCION? By L. P. Jacks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.*

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

WITH one-fourth of the world's population at war, and the rest of us stumbling closer to it daily, any book on that coveted, yet apparently unattainable condition known as "world peace" must have a strongly Utopian flavor. All roads to peace, most specialists would agree, are today impassable. The best that we can do while the diplomatic storm rages about our heads is to remove the obstacles to pacification one by one, hoping that two new ones will not spring up where one has been destroyed. Panaceas and grandiose plans are to be avoided; progress can only be piecemeal. Under present circumstances the measure of an author in this field may well be his caution in statement and in claim.

By this test Mr. Jacks ranks fairly high. He is modestly conservative in regarding his own remedy as a mere first step in the return to reason, from which the nations have strayed so far. With a rather tiresome amount of repetition he devotes the major portion of his work to a disclosure of the shortcomings of the League of Nations. Its progenitors, it appears, made the fatal error of supposing that the threat of coercion by the overwhelming force theoretically at the League's disposal would be sufficient to deter a

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would-be aggressor, as the force of law within the modern state gives pause to the would-be criminal. But in fact the analogy is false: law enforcement, which is imperfect as a preventive of civil strife within the state, is simply a chimerical notion in the dog-eat-dog realm of unfettered national sovereignties. The League must be divorced from the concept of sanctions. It must be universalized by transformation into a purely consultative body depending simply and solely on the good faith of its members.

A respectable body of informed opinion will be found to support Mr. Jacks thus far, although one is tempted to ask whether an appeal to good faith alone would ever have saved Austria from Hitler or Spain from Mussolini. But a chorus of doubting Thomases will rise to dispute the efficacy of the author's positive recommendations. Reverting to Professor Josiah Royce for his inspiration, Mr. Jacks urges the nations to adopt a scheme which will divert their resources from armaments and preparation for war to a concerted effort for mutual peace insurance. This they are to accomplish by reducing their armaments expenditures by, say, ten per cent, the saving to go to an international fund to stabilize currencies, lower tariffs, finance the distribution of raw materials, and promote international social services. The incentive for association in this plan is the spur of the prospect of a good bargain.

Unfortunately, Mr. Jacks's outline of his proposal is too sketchy to indicate much more than the fact that he has little specialized knowledge of the day-to-day problems of international economics. For all the evidence indicates that an economic solution for the world's problems, even when camouflaged as an innocent "good bargain," will not strike at the sole nor perhaps even the principal causes of war. Were this not the case, the far more detailed and rational Van Zeeland plan for world economic and political reconstruction — to which Mr. Jacks's scheme shows marked resemblance — would not be moldering into oblivion in the diplomats' pigeonholes of the world's capitals.

And there is a more vital weakness in the proposal. If nations would not disarm when the League of Nations was something more than a figurehead, when they might hope for League assistance if attacked, how can they be expected to reduce their armaments when all such hopes have vanished? The plain fact is that as long as a single nation feels that it must use force or the threat of force to right an intolerable wrong, other nations—individually or collectively—must mobilize force against it. Mr. Jacks's book, though well-intentioned, is of little avail. Perhaps what is needed above all is a plea for pessimism, to focus attention on the facts as they are, rather than a spate of "peace" literature which can only raise false hopes.

# Ludwig on Roosevelt

*ROOSEVELT, A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER. By Emil Ludwig. New York: The Viking Press.* 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

HERR LUDWIG is disarming. There is, of course, no valid reason for this life of Franklin D. Roosevelt—unless it is that Herr Ludwig is the author and that, presumably, thousands of his followers will learn an additional fact or two about their President. But there really are few new facts in the book. It is a rehash of newspaper clippings, campaign biographies, magazine articles, and the one or two serious works which have appeared about the Roosevelt administration. Notable among these are the books of Ernest K. Lindley.

No individual with more than the vaguest knowledge of Franklin D. Roosevelt will learn much from Herr Ludwig's life. Yet Ludwig is disarming because he admits it. At least, he gives the impression of admitting it. He points out that the biographer "of a living personality must manage as best he can without those private documents which illumine the character of his subject for future historians." On the other hand, he notes, it was possible to study his subject at first hand. Ludwig was received with cordiality at the White House. He was granted interviews and even permitted a quotation or two. The Library of Congress provided such source books as were available.

*Eric Shaal*

Emil Ludwig

And why not? The result is an extremely laudatory account. "Ludwig loves Roosevelt" is the theme song. This was to be expected. Herr Ludwig is a liberal. He loathes Hitler and all that Hitler stands for. He denounces the Roosevelt critics who say that the President has aspirations toward dictatorship. He implies, without actually saying so, that Roosevelt is the greatest President in history. If the President should seek a third term—Ludwig observes with accuracy that he won't—no new campaign biography would have to be written. Jim Farley could order bulk lots of this one.

Ludwig is one of those biographers who skim through the works of more solid writers and then spin a yarn which is half fact and half fancy. Thus the story of Franklin D. Roosevelt begins with an imaginative account of a boy living on the banks of the Hudson River, a boy of aristocratic parentage, living in wealth. It is the river, says Herr Ludwig emotionally, which profoundly influenced the boy Roosevelt:

> A half century will pass, and all his [Roosevelt's] thoughts and his influence on men and their activities, on history and its causes, on the present, on how to develop the dynamic energies of his mighty country—whatever will move the man growing gray in power—will come to him from the water, from the river on whose bank he was born and blossomed out of childhood.

Come, come, Herr Ludwig, who told you that! A footnote, please, or at least some hint of your authority.

The pages devoted to Roosevelt's youth are, quite naturally, flavored the most with that type of writing. Herr Ludwig grows more factual as Roosevelt becomes a public figure. The book is divided, logically, into three sections: "Fortune," "Metamorphosis," and "Power." The first ends with the dreadful blow, infantile paralysis, which struck Roosevelt when he was forty years old. The account of that illness is, I think, by far the most valuable section of the book. It is well-written, clear, apparently accurate. Herr Ludwig draws the reasonable conclusion that it was in the fight to regain his health—as fine and courageous a fight as any in the history of solitary battles—that Roosevelt took on a new and far bigger stature. "Power," the third part, is devoted to the Presidency.

Theodore Roosevelt is contrasted at some length with his kinsman who is now in the White House, and comes off very badly in the comparison. Theodore, Ludwig writes, "handed over his country to his follower exactly—if we except the Panama Canal—as he had received it from his predecessor, and left behind him nothing more than the legend of his romantic character."

That isn't quite accurate. The malefactors of wealth were rather badly frightened by March, 1909, and were mending their ways to a degree. Theodore Roosevelt's contributions to social and economic progress cannot so easily be swept away. Of Franklin Roosevelt's contributions Ludwig writes with fervor: ". . . he has already led his country through a bloodless revolution, the effects of which penetrate to Europe."

Herr Ludwig's book, all in all, is pretty slight stuff. Perhaps, though, it has real value, after all. For it surely cannot too often be stated that Roosevelt is no communist, is no socialist, seeks no dictatorship, is attempting to solve the ills of a troubled world by preserving the capitalist system. Herr Ludwig reiterates these truths again and again.

*Henry F. Pringle won the Pulitzer Prize for biography with his life of Theodore Roosevelt. He wrote a series of articles on Franklin D. Roosevelt for* The New Yorker.

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# Lonely Destiny

*WHAT HATH A MAN? By Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $2.50.*

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN one of Chesterton's detective stories, the sinister Oriental priest says that for a certain offense "we should be very merciful: you would only be tortured and die"; and that for a worse crime "you would be tortured and live." The truth in that pregnant paradox becomes apparent when we think of "Ethan Frome," which is surely one of the unhappiest of books; and yet "What Hath a Man?" is both unhappier, and so much commoner as to be almost typical of our unhappy age. For Ethan Frome had at least his moment of ecstasy and high resolution, and there was a turning-point in his life, which must have given it some meaning to him; but in Henry Ormandy, the hero of this fine and lonely story, one can find no tragic flaw, no single accidental false step, no betrayal from outside, no one thing to alter. Only, his whole life illustrates the mood of that bitterly modern writer, Ecclesiastes, who asked, "For what hath a man of all his labor, and of the striving of his life wherewith he laboreth under the sun?"

Nothing, is the answer. Not only at the end, but all along the way, nothing. Ormandy was a man with an instinct for religion and idealism; he became a Roman Catholic at the risk of a breach with his parents because he was moved by the tenderness and beauty of that faith, and he became an administrator in South Africa because he was fired by one of Cecil Rhodes's early speeches (and in one tantalizingly brief incident in which Rhodes figures, we are made to feel that his idealism was genuine); but all his life he is haunted by doubts of the validity of Catholicism and imperialism, doubts which are magnified by the World War and its consequences. He has a profoundly loving nature, but he never comes close to his parents, or the slatternly woman whom he had married out of pity, or his daughters—and his son was killed in the war. Merely to live is an act of daily courage amounting to heroism; and yet he has none of the satisfaction of conscious courage; he goes on because there seems to be nothing else to do.

There is no underlining, and no moral. This is not an attack on imperialism, or organized Christianity, or on any particular fault in Henry Ormandy or in modern man, any more than there is such an attack in Ecclesiastes itself. Mrs. Millin is not even concerned to say that Henry Ormandy represents the sickness of a generation, though that uncomfortable reflection may occur to us. She gives us only the profoundly moving portrait of the loneliness and hopelessness of a human soul.

# Conflict in the South

*MINGLED YARN. By Willie Snow Ethridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.*

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN its flaws as well as in its virtues, this story of the clash of ideas in the South, as quarrels rise from an increasing industrialism, is appealingly indigenous. Here is no proletarian novel of the oppressed by one with the design of deliverance. Here instead is the description of the war which took place on the piazzas by one who beheld the breaking of complacency in Hilton when the editor of the leading paper and the first Methodist preacher spoke out—and openly—upon the side of labor. And that was a conflict not limited to editor and preacher, union leaders and manufacturers; particularly and romantically it rose between Ellen, who was proud of her father, who was proud of the success of his mills, and Buford, who was not only her husband but a sharp critic of her father. It is the essence of the book's indigenousness that its conflicts are dissolved—or at least disappear—in the romantic thesis that neither mills nor ideas, father nor family are so important as the man a lady loves.

Willie Snow Ethridge

Mrs. Ethridge has drawn a clear and veracious picture of a small Southern industrial city in those years in which the ugly turbulence of the Ku Klux Klan was added to the industrial ferment of organizing workers. But her interest is less in mill and newspaper than in divided lovers. In this, perhaps, Mrs. Ethridge may be wise; neither she nor any of the rest of us has any neat formula, guaranteed to succeed, for Georgia's industrial problems, but Ellen Battle's personal problem is one which has had the attention of romanticists before. It has never failed to satisfy. It does not now.

*Bachrach*

"Miss Baker knows music from the inside."

# Big Boy Blue

*YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN. By Dorothy Baker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $2.50.*

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

A GOOD short definition of swing is "collective improvisation rhythmically integrated," but that is dictionary talk. There is a world of atmosphere that rises out of the word, which is best expressed in the music itself—the high chuckle of the clarinet, the chattering drums, the powerful, clipped stuttering of the horns. In writing it would have to be told in just the kind of rambling, impressionistic prose-poem that Miss Baker has written. It isn't a novel, if we will agree that a novel means plot, character, situation. What Miss Baker has her mind on, what matters most in her book, is the feel of jazz music. We know something of the jitterbugs, who sway in the aisles or over their cocktails when the boys on the platform tilt their horns and give it everything, but what can we know of the special ecstasy of the player, making horn and man one living instrument through which rhythm flows?

He is Miss Baker's hero, a frankly romantic figure, the people's artist of this decade. Rick Martin is not a musician, but a player with rhythm in his body. He is enamored of it; he cuts school to fool with a piano at a mission house; he hangs around a dance club of nights and soaks in the original techniques of a colored band; he learns to play the horn and rises to glittering heights as idol of New York's jitterbugs. And all the while we are immersed in the authentic world of the swing men. This is fresh material that has been crying for a historian, and here, luckily at the first attempt, it has found her. We don't need to be told that Miss Baker knows her music from the inside; nobody who didn't could describe the psychic experiences of those who play, or the very shape and movement of the music they make, so thrillingly and so well.

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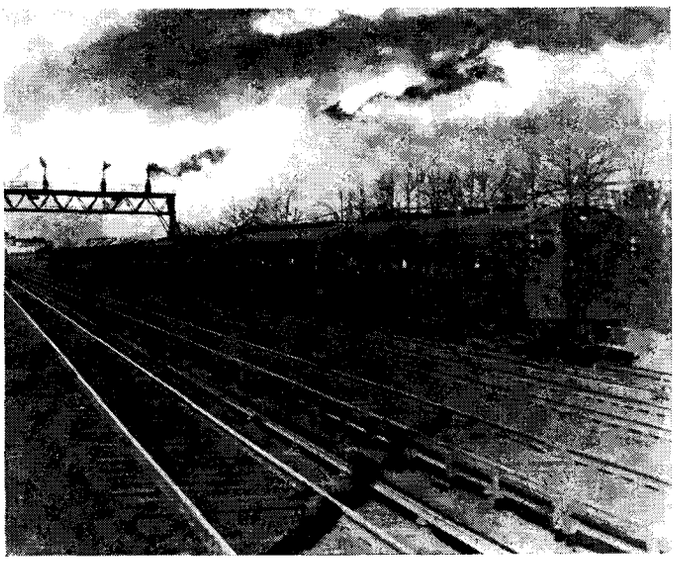
# Entrance to a Wood

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



"You don't see freight trains on the swank electric line."

*(For Tom Daly)*

I'M glad you came out on the steam train. There's a horrid unreality about those suburbs on the other line, served by the electrics and their new stations (like subways) sunk deep in concrete cuttings. Even the fancy trim of their real estate shows it is a kind of goblin civilization, with people who go to town every day. But here we have a life of our own with which Town has nothing to do. Good old Oyster Bay Branch, I'm the only one who never grumbles about it. Wordsworth on Windermere (or Walt on Timber Creek) had no better pleasures than I when I see the 9:30 blow for the bend of Harbor Hill and clank into the station at Salamis.

The same station William Cullen Bryant used, you suggested. Well, very likely: Bryant died only sixty years ago. There ought to be a waterfowl and a fringed gentian, you said. Never mind your chaff: I'm fond of that innocent old poet. And he's not so untimely at the present moment, did you know he wrote a poem about Pitcairn Island? He describes the innocent island maid learning to speak English. They learn it now by radio, and it has made them "restless." He wrote a poem about a "musquito" too, but that must have been on a visit to New Jersey. And one whose title was better than the verses: Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.

Before the engine got away I hurried you up to see the coquettish little brass plate it wears. It says *Juniata Shops*. Sounds like a dressmaker, you said. Where to get a smart locomotive. I'd rather like to be buried in the same grave with old 31, the engine of the 9:30. . . .

Of course you were pleased by the tablets on the cars reminding us that they belong to a bank in Philadelphia. I was sorry you had seen that note in the paper that the L.I.R.R. lost $872,477 in the first quarter of this year. Anyhow, I said, our safety record is second to none. We haven't killed a passenger in years.—But your accountants and stockholders must age rapidly, was your unfeeling retort.

There was a freight train shunting in the yard. I don't think I got across to you how that satisfies me. Another evidence of actuality. (You don't see freight trains on the swank electric line.) When I see freight cars moving I feel that life is going on sensibly. We started down that way, but you said Hey, I've seen freight cars before, we don't need to go and look at 'em. I explained that I wanted to get a bottle of whiskey at the liquor store.

We drove uphill in the Chevvy, and I made you wait while she had her oil changed at the garage. I had decided it would be good for you to get a Slice of Life. Even raised aloft on that elevator thing Chevvy still looked unassuming. Meanwhile we went to the cigar store. Chevvy is too bashful to tip the mechanic in coin. She buys him a pack of cigarettes, and sensibilities are preserved. You admired the cigar store grandchild, asleep in its pram. That infant is my own secret candidate for the year 2000.

Provided, you said, he keeps away from Hitler.

It cheers me to consider that there are lots of children about who will still be active and thoughtful when the world begins a new millennium. This started you talking about your own grandchildren and I listened respectfully. This was your birthday party and you were a little grievous about the lability of time. What we need, you suggested, is a Limited Lability company. I asked if you had ever come across that rare piece by Pope, *God's Revenge Against Punning*. What fun we had: because this suggested that we look at a glorious book *The Prose Works of Alexander Pope*, edited by Norman Ault (1936, Shakespeare Head Press). I have only the first volume, I don't believe the second has appeared yet; and few people have noticed that Mr. Ault for the first time has reprinted in full the most amusing things ever written about the book trade. Pope's pamphlets about "The Deplorable Condition of Mr. Edmund Curll, Bookseller." I don't suppose there ever was in the world such uproarious and shattering laughter as must have echoed round London when those things were printed, about 1716. We sat out in the garden and read them aloud. They are just in the tone of voice to appeal to your unmitigated Irishry. The birds were scared away from their bath by your screams of merriment; what a pity that booksellers today are all too nice-minded to relish such abominable japes. We cackled at Curll's line "Whores and Authors must be paid beforehand to put them in good Humour," and the expostulation of Lintot the publisher—which if I were a publisher I would keep framed in my office (from Pope's *Frenzy of John Dennis*):—

"I published Advertisement upon Advertisement; and if the Book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By God, as much has been done for the Book, as could be done for any Book in Christendom."

We poured some whiskey and tapwater, as recommended by the gastro-enterologists, and I showed you that I had now had tapwater laid on in the Knothole. You said, That saves you half your trouble.

But we were talking about time. Daffodils gone, lilacs gone, iris gone, dogwoods gone, the four great delights of May. I've been rather grim about it. When those are gone, already something has happened to the Year.

Like the Day after lunch, you said. There may still be joys to come, but that Day is never the same. It has crossed the Divide.

(That was the idea of the Three Hours for Lunch Club; to turn the timeshed into a plateau.)

Then, just as I feel that way, I see the roses beginning to open. (I showed you the broken rosebud that I mended with a strip of adhesive tape, and my great ex-

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citement whether it will come through). One of my rosebushes I got from the A & P and another from Bohack; there's a chain-store rivalry between them. The dearest things I possess I have always got from places they weren't supposed to come from; like books from that hot-dog stand in Atlantic City.

Listen, I've spent three days in the garden here, not doing a damn thing but having the most gorgeous small adventures and waiting to see if anything would come into my mind. The light changing all day long, the gong of the Good Humor man going by in the afternoon, the sunset caught through a squirrel's tail as he came down a tree-trunk, the politeness of a neighbor's black spaniel who trotted over to call on our pretty little buff-colored bitch. What lovely manners cockers have: first he came up and was demure to me, just as if asking my permission to make friends with Corky.—Is it all right for people to have such a good time by themselves as I do?

The most exciting thing that ever happened to me, you said, was once when I heard a thrush sing in Wister Woods, back of the house in Germantown.—How's that for good sense (you exclaimed), both of us have lived most of our lives with a wood right alongside of us.

I used to have a delicate book by Zephine Humphrey called *At the Edge of the Woods;* haven't seen it for years; wonder where it is? But I remember the feeling of it.

Hang onto your feelings, you said.

But gosh, how much easier it is to hurry off to town every day and spare yourself the anguish of apparently doing nothing. There was a restless, indecisive tension the other afternoon; that sudden dazzle of slipping four p.m. sunshine; you know that something's working inside but you can't possibly get hold of it, and you're ashamed to be so obtuse, and yet your only horror is that maybe a telephone will ring or a delivery wagon drive up or something happen to break the apprehensive spell. I always love our village legend of the cloak and suit manufacturer who had a big estate here, and lurked at the back of it (with the front of the mansion shuttered up) for fear someone would interrupt his magnificent dreams. They called it a phobia of some kind: I think it was pure wisdom.

Fine, you said. Spill it! It's good for you. Even a cloak and suiter may have visions we can't guess.

There was a grand line in the prayer book, in the days when I used to go to church—"we should not dissemble nor cloke them before the face of Almighty God."

(We had a long discursus here about going to church, but I don't think I'll quote it because, after all, old Papist, you have to go to confession.)

The funny thing, you said, is that everybody feels that way; other people are real and occupied with important affairs, but you yourself live in a kind of fantasy.

Somehow we got onto Expectation of Life. Yes, it was an editorial in the *Commonweal.* I was enormously pleased because I have almost reached the expectancy allotted to people born about the time I was, viz. (according to some laborious actuary who probably shortened his own by too much slide-rule) 48.23 years. So, after this summer, everything I get is so much velvet. By God, after I hit 48 years and 84 days, about July 28, I'm going to be a poet and nothing else and my poem's going to be called *Beyond My Expectation.*

Oh no you won't, you said placidly. If my expectancy at age zero was as good as yours, and I don't see why it wasn't, I've licked it by about nineteen years; and everything has gone on just the same. I haven't been able to be just a poet any more than anyone else can.

To calm you down I showed you the special places in the garden that mean things. The spot just back of the garage where I was grubbing when the telephone call trilled that took me, eventually, half way across the Pacific. The old dog-pen in which I let loose the big yellow and black turtle, and never could find him again. The blackberry tangle where the yellow and black snake was in such a hurry to get away. It struck me queer that the snake and the turtle both seemed to be cut from exactly the same pattern.

The fastest things and the slowest are both of the same essence, you suggested. It's only the stupid half-way stuff that's different.

The next I remember we were sitting on what I call Soapstone Terrace, and I dare say we may have had another whiskey and tapwater for I think I was rather vehement about some of my doctrines. That minuscule terrace, for instance, I take as a symbol of the importance of salvaging what some might throw away. Two old subfusc laundry tubs in the cellar after many years' service were discarded by the head of the house as insanitary. To remove them the plumber smashed them into irregular slabs, and I discovered them just in time before the trash truck came. Beautiful big hunks of slaty soapstone, perfect for crazy pavement, and here they are, made into a little drinking-terrasse with moss and grass growing in the cracks; even the brass-ringed outlets make good drainage scuppers. (It's amusing to see the spaniel sniff them dubiously; she remembers them with distaste, that smell to her means a hot bath and flea-soap.) And thoughts that others might consider just the trash of the mind, sometimes seem to me well worth saving. That took us to the lilac tree which I got years ago from a clump by Walt Whitman's old backhouse over in Huntington. That really is a lilac that in the dooryard bloomed, from the same farmhouse described by Walt in the poem.—And you, as usual, insisted that most of Walt is doggerel. You got lost, you said, in the hair on his chest.

But I shall never forget (I tried to tell you) those three days in the garden. Call it moseying, pottering, loafing, what you will; I mowed and weeded and raked and burned and nothing I can accuse as conscious purpose troubled my skull. I noted the difference between the stupid robin who flits from her brooding with shrill angry squall, and the more subtle catbird who sits alertly quiet (you see her airplane tail tilt a trifle steeper) as you pass her niche. There is always so much to do in a garden there is no need for thought; and if, in those mid-afternoon horrors, I woke to awareness of anxiety, then (like Caliban) I cried to dream again. Do you remember the buccaneers, shipwrecked on Bermuda, who caulked their seams with lime and "oil of tortoises"? So did I mine; with the hot powder of secret burning and the sluggard putty of sloth. Envying none I gave a damn for nothing. I plotted no Books About Books About Books. I raked and wondered where all those little brown kittentails come from. And no instrument of philosophy, no modern invention, is as soothing as the Japanese bamboo rake.

It was time, you remember, for your train. We had a carburetor cup together —and then I discovered why Chevvy looked so humble. While we tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky, the trollop had a flat.

They shouldn't leave all that broken glass around the front of the liquor store, I grumbled.

Do you get many punctures? you asked.

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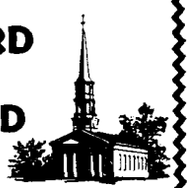

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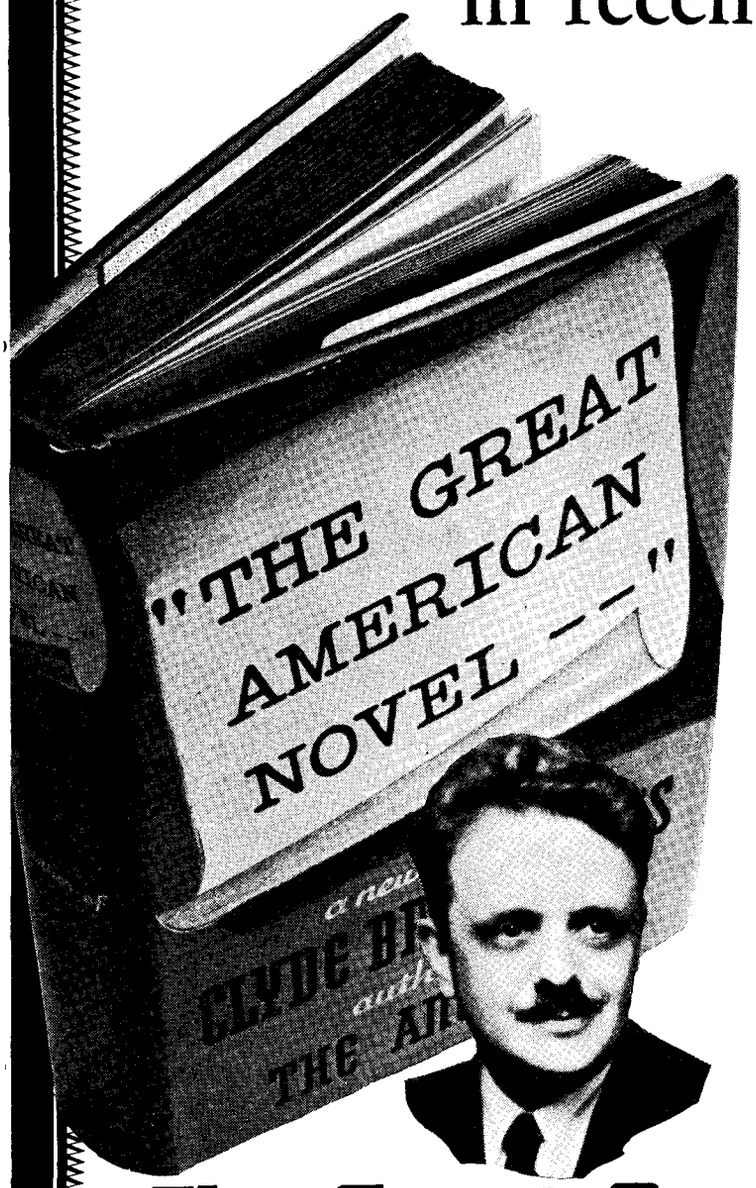


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## The Man Who Didn't Want to Be a Writer

(*Continued from page 4*)

"This package is for you," he said. "I forgot it at the Soldier's and Sailor's Club and I was afraid I'd be late, so I took a taxi back there and up here. Well, I'm pretty late anyhow."

"You shouldn't spend money like this on me," I said.

"You know us sailors; when we're in town we spend money wildly, and I choose to spend it like this. It's my own funeral."

He had brought the Beethoven Third Symphony. I was touched and embarrassed.

"Have you ever," I said suddenly, "been to a symphony concert?"

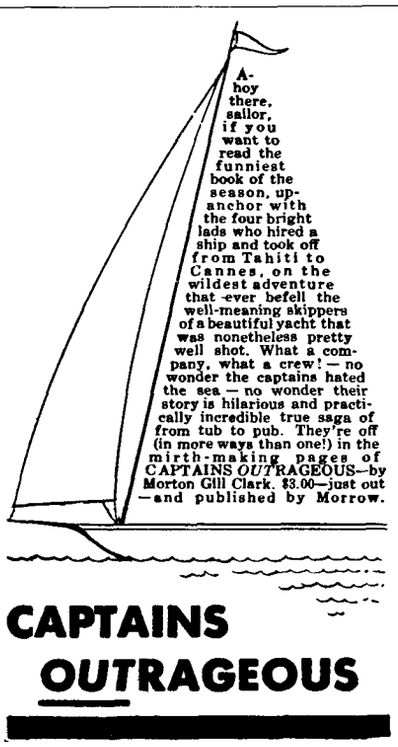
"Never," he said.

"Will you come with me this afternoon —I have two tickets—unless you have other plans?"

"We each have a complex," he said. "Mine is that my uniform embarrasses you; yours is that I'd rather be somewhere else when I'm here."

Jewell was quite excited by the sight of the orchestra (he was a little surprised to find it actually on the stage); he looked a little self-conscious when I introduced him to a friend in the row in front of us. He settled down with the most complete attention when the orchestra launched into the singing theme that begins Brahms's Third Symphony. I quite forgot my guest during the music. There is nothing so engulfing as waves of orchestral sound when one is in the mood and the orchestra is in the vein.

During the intermission Jewell said very little, except to remark that he had not known that there could be so much and such rich sound in the world.


A-hoy there, sailor, if you want to read the funniest book of the season, up-anchor with the four bright lads who hired a ship and took off from Tahiti to Cannes, on the wildest adventure that ever befell the well-meaning skippers of a beautiful yacht that was nonetheless pretty well shot. What a company, what a crew! — no wonder the captains hated the sea — no wonder their story is hilarious and practically incredible true saga of from tub to pub. They're off (in more ways than one!) in the mirth-making pages of CAPTAINS OUTRAGEOUS—by Morton Gill Clark. $3.00—just out —and published by Morrow.
CAPTAINS
OUTRAGEOUS

The second half of the program was excerpts from Wagner, the usual things: The Ride of the Valkyries, the Siegfried Rhine Journey, the Overture to the "Meistersinger." The sound of the old war horses galloping on a Sunday afternoon did not promise too much, and I was in any case tired musically from having tried to listen to everything that was going on in the Brahms. My attention wandered every now and then to Sailor Jones. He certainly had no attention for me. He sat forward listening as if there were no other world and no other being save those poignant violins and imperative trombones, and with the climax of the "Meistersinger" he could scarcely contain himself.

"Boy," he said when he had finally stopped applauding, "that Wagner certainly could whoop it up. What a man! Do you think we could get him to play it again?"

I said it was extremely unlikely.

"Come and have the sailor's delight with me," Jewell said as we walked out —"coffee and a ham sandwich."

"We went to a nearby cafeteria. It was a mild day, prescient of Spring. Jewell was lost in reflection. After he had finished his coffee in silence, Jewell lit a cigarette.

"How did you like the concert?" I said to him. Except for the exclamation about Wagner, he had said not a word about it.

"Well, frankly, I didn't get much out of the Brahms; that went over my head. But the Wagner didn't" (he pronounced it as if it were English); "that had all the obviousness of ecstasy." And then with no apparent connection he asked suddenly, "Do you ever read the Gospel of St. John?"

"Sometimes."

"Remember what he says about the Word become Flesh? It's a wonderful phrase and it tells a lot about writing. The Word become Flesh. Some writing is that. Touched with flame, certain writing is. The spirit become incarnate. You can tell at once the real thing from the fake. The Wagner music has it: touched with flame. And if a writer doesn't have it, I can't read him very much. Will you have another cup of coffee?"

"You don't propose to stay in the navy all your life, Jewell?" I said when he turned up once a few months later and had been talking as usual about books and ideas.

"Well, I'm in it for another two years. Then I don't know. Don't tell me I ought to write. I know I wouldn't have enough to say and I really wouldn't know how to say it very well. It's different just writing letters. I really am happy in the navy, though everybody tells me to get out of it. There's an old lady who comes down to give us coffee and cake at the Soldier's and Sailor's Club. She talked with me for a while and said. 'But why are you in the navy? You should be writing or studying.' 'Ma'am,' I said, 'just let me stay in the navy. It's a good place to be one's self; that's awfully hard on land.' I've tried to think of what job I could find on land, and I think I've thought of one. When my term in the navy expires, I'm going to become a Borden's milkman, right here in New York, if I can."

"But why a milkman?"

"It would give me my days free, and I would have a chance to read in the libraries and it'd keep me out of the distractions. Of course, I don't know how my girl friend—she's a stenographer in Florida now—will like it. You know we're going to be married one of these days."

"Is she interested in the contemplative life?" I asked.

"No, but she's learning, and I've told her a lot, and she's glad that I am."

I did not hear from Jewell for quite a long time. He finally wrote me that he had decided that it wasn't fair taking up my time when he came to town; he had nothing to offer and it was no use pretending: the chasm between those who had really been educated and those who hadn't was too profound. I had been very kind and he would remember me always, but I had enough to do, and hadn't too much energy. He wished he could lend me some of his vitality; perhaps I wouldn't always be having the colds I seemed to have whenever he turned up in New York.

I wrote him a letter explaining there was only one community and that was of the mind, and we were both members of it. He came again when he was in port.

Some two years later, the good Marie who takes care of my apartment told me a milkman, not the regular one but one she had never seen before, wished to see me. It was Jewell. He looked odd in his milkman's cap and white jacket, but the same healthy being as before.

"I've got the job," he said.

"I'm delighted to see you again," I said. "And how's the life of the spirit on shore?"

"Fair," he said, "but there are distractions, pleasant ones. I'm married now to the girl friend in Florida."

Jewell has been married some years now. There is a little boy who bears the writer's name. Jewell seems happy, though less exuberantly than of old, and he finds it difficult, he tells me when I see him, to keep up with ideas now. "And philosophical ideas don't seem such cures for the world as I used to think," he said, "not the world I see around me on shore and read about in the papers."

I gathered that on a milkman's wages and with a wife to support, a child to bring up, things in general are not touched with flame, nor is ecstasy as obvious any more.

*Irwin Edman, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, is also a poet, novelist, and critic.*

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—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

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# East of the Reich

*THE NEW POLAND AND THE JEWS. By Simon Segal. New York: Lee Furman.* 1938. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

ONE of the most ominous consequences of economic depression and political tension in Europe has been the exacerbation of ethnic hatreds. Although the American public has been aware of the persecutions undertaken by the Hitler regime against the Jews, even to the extent of boycotting German goods, it has been less cognizant of similar developments elsewhere on the Continent. In Nazi Austria, Poland, Hungary, and Rumania, the Jewish minorities are becoming the scapegoat for economic distress and political ineptitude. Cruelty, sadism, and violence of all kinds are undermining the foundations of civilizations throughout Central Europe.

The extent to which this appalling retrogression has dominated the national life of Poland has been painstakingly described in this volume by Dr. Simon Segal. Despite the minority treaty which Poland signed at Versailles as a condition of its independence, the dictatorships of Pilsudski and later of Smigly-Rydz have permitted discrimination against the Jews in economic, social, political, and educational activities. Dr. Simon lays particular stress upon the economic aspect of the problem, showing how the various conservative interests—the governing clique, the great land-owners, the business interests, and the Catholic Church—have united in shifting every possible burden to the Jews. This racial discrimination, Dr. Simon correctly asserts, impoverishes not only the Jewish minority but the populace as a whole, for it distracts attention from the reforms which might lead to general economic improvement. Failure to deal justly with the Jews and to undertake the industrialization and the redistribution of land necessary for economic recovery has created internal tensions which endanger Poland's independence in the event of a Soviet-German war.

Based on thorough scholarship and temperately written, this book presents the most complete survey now available of contemporary affairs in Poland. Although himself a Polish Jew, Dr. Segal has been remarkably careful to employ fact rather than sentiment. One wishes, however, that he had added one chapter on the personal and social aspects of the Jewish problem in Poland. Apart from the economic and political conflicts, what have been the relations of the Poles and Jews, and how far can they coöperate in the national life? As the emigration of three million Jews is patently impossible, Poland must find some solution for this complex and discouraging problem.

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# Oil Magnate

*THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD. The Life of Sir Henri Deterding. By Glyn Roberts. New York: Covici-Friede.* 1938. $3.

Reviewed by FRANCIS WILLIAMSON

THIS long awaited life of the most powerful and unknown man in the world is a vigorous and important book. Started by Ralph Fox, who was killed in the defense of Madrid, it was completed by Glyn Roberts, who has justified a grandiose title in a clear and interesting narrative.

The life of Sir Henri Deterding is a nineteenth-century success story of vast hopes and perfect timing. He started life as an obscure clerk in an obscure Dutch oil company. By gambling and plunging Deterding followed the career of oil from its small beginnings to its position as the most important commodity in world economy.

He attached himself to the British Empire for obvious reasons, and was knighted for his services in supplying Britain with oil during the last war, although he retains his Dutch citizenship. He has done much in giving to British imperialism the untold resources and power of his company.

Behind the façade of business enterprise, Deterding has played an astounding role in world politics. His frantic search for oil reserves to combat Standard competition has led him to interfere in all quarters of the globe. The struggle for the control of the Batum resources has enabled Deterding to play a sinister role. Roberts tells the history of post-war machinations in Georgia in an authoritative manner. The success of the Soviet organization of the Batum reserves has pushed Deterding into a violent anti-communist position. His hatred of his successful communist rivals is psychopathic. In the early 1920's he supported all the interventionist schemes against the Soviet Union and in later years he has been the international angel of fascism.

Roberts makes abundantly clear the importance of the man who has the power to talk in terms of world dictatorship. His biography should be read by all interested in the maintenance of international peace and freedom.

*Francis Williamson teaches history at the College of the City of New York.*

# Thrills, Hardships, and Shenanigans

*ENCHANTED VAGABONDS. By Dana Lamb in collaboration with June Cleveland. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THIS is surely the last loud word in travel books. Dr. Traprock seems a dullard beside the redoubtable Dana Lamb, and Halliburton and Errol Flynn are cataleptic in comparison. There is no question but that this young author and his wife really like adventure. They go further; they like to be scared and they seek discomfort. A fair reading of their book seems to indicate that they had studied all the dangers that can beset a traveler and then set out to improve them. Even William Robinson's famous rescue from appendicitis on Galapagos finds its counterpart here.

The Lambs themselves built the 16-foot vessel — a combination sailboat, kayak, and canoe — in which they were to travel 16,000 miles along the coasts of Lower California, Mexico, and Central America. It was a frail craft of canvas which they had to patch occasionally with shark skins or gluey tortillas when they were wrecked or shot at, but it was sturdy; it had to be to transport the quantities of ammunition which Mr. Lamb was always pouring, round after round, while his wife reloaded, into the hordes of bandits or beasts they met. As the $4.20 with which they started did not last them very long, they had to depend upon their own resources for provender. They hunted and fished as casually as they might market at home, till soon they were able to distinguish live game by scent. They harpooned giant rays, cooked berries which they could not identify, and dove for lobsters barehanded. This was mere routine that left them plenty of time for adventure. They were shipwrecked, trapped inside a volcano, bitten by a coyote, buried in quicksand, shanghaied by rum-runners, attacked by natives, jailed as spies, bitten by malarial mosquitoes, and taken for a ride on the back of a whale.

On the other hand they didn't die of thirst because they could distill sea water and ferment and distill alcohol from fresh palm sap—the book says so—in a few hours. They didn't lack money because they panned gold when in need of it, and discovered—and left for future digging—the exact sites of several buried treasures. They didn't lack fun, for even on Cocos island, where they lived four months like Crusoes, they could handily construct a golf course or a zoo. It would be impossible, in what space this review deserves, to list half the thrills and shenanigans of the Lambs' voyage, or half the hardships either. Obviously some of the adventures are possible; others sound distinctly tall. One must feel keenly for the author when, about to make a fire, he discovered "the jungle was full of wood." The book should appeal to whatever jaded reader can get by the first forty-eight photographs, mostly of the attractive travelers, bandanaed and pistoled, posing with prey.

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# The Yearling

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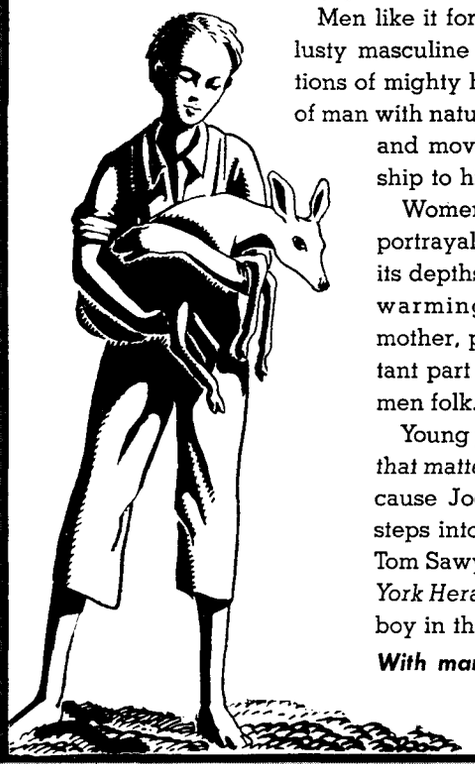

Men like it for its continuous stirring action, its lusty masculine humor, its breathtaking descriptions of mighty hunts, of all the ceaseless conflict of man with nature at its wildest—and for its manly and moving picture of a father's relationship to his only son.

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Young people—and all other readers, for that matter—are deep in "The Yearling" because Jody Baxter, its leading character, steps into the ranks of the immortals with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, says *The New York Herald Tribune* as "the most charming boy in the whole national gallery." $2.50

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# The Amen Corner

*"One word is too often profaned*
*For me to profane it"—*

should, we feel, be the motto of anyone who contemplates writing about the author of these lines.[1] A charmingly produced little volume has just reached the Oxonian's desk, with the title *On Shelley,*[2] which is fully justified in existing—very high praise, we think.

It consists of three separate studies with a single object—"to throw more light on one who has been in an extraordinary degree the victim of unscrupulous or (what may be almost as bad) 'imaginative' biography."

"Shelley is Expelled" by Edmund Blunden gathers the supposed circumstances of Shelley's expulsion from Oxford from all sources. "The Atheist: An Incident at Chamonix" by Gavin de Beer applies detective methods to Shelley's alleged custom of describing himself as an atheist, in Greek, in hotel registers. "Mary Shelley: Novelist and Dramatist" by Sylva Norman is a psychological study of Mary Shelley's writings after her husband's death; which reminds us of the recent comprehensive biography, *Mary Shelley*[3] by Miss R. Glynn Grylls which, we believe, we have already recommended. It tells not only Mrs. Shelley's own life, but What Happened Afterwards to Hogg, Trelawny, the Clairmonts, and Shelley's son Percy Florence.

* * *

By the way, do you like absorbing reading? Then read *Hussein: An Entertainment*[4] by Patrick Russ which the Oxford University Press broke all precedents by publishing the other day. Writes Percy Hutchinson in the *New York Times:* "Not always does an author or publisher accurately describe a book. (Shame! Shame! as they say in the Parliamentary debates.) And we ourselves would prefix an adjective here," Mr. Hutchinson goes on. " 'Hussein not only is 'An Entertainment,' it is gorgeous entertainment . . . . if a better elephant story has been written between 'My Lord the Elephant' and 'Hussein' we have had the misfortune to miss it." (Hear! Hear!)

A Maharajah described by the hero "was a high-minded youth with innumerable merits, not the least among which was his amiable habit of filling a story-teller's mouth with gold when the tale pleased him." To which the *New York Herald Tribune* counters: "All right, Mr. Russ. Your coins are ready whenever you want them."

We ourselves haven't read a better elephant story since Mrs. Flaherty's book for children *Sabu, the Elephant Boy.*[5]

THE OXONIAN.

(1) *The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* In the *Oxford Standard Authors,* $1.50 each. Write for complete list. Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) $2.00. (3) $7.50. (4) $2.50. (5) $1.00.

# The New Books

## Biography

*ISAAC NEWTON, 1642–1727. By J. W. N. Sullivan. With a Memoir of the Author by Charles Singer. Macmillan.* 1938. $2.50.

Anyone acquainted with Newton's work and with other biographies will find Sullivan's "conception of Newton" interestingly familiar. "The paradox of Newton's scientific career is that he was a genius of the first order at something he did not consider to be of the first importance." This thesis, that Newton had no real interest in his scientific work, and that his theology, his alchemy, and his chronology were what really mattered to him, has been developed in greater detail by Professor L. T. More in his biography of Newton (1934).

Those approaching Newton for the first time may wonder why he is rated the supreme intellect in science. Sullivan frequently assumes familiarity with the scientific background, and takes for granted that the importance of the problems which Newton attacked is fully appreciated. So much care has been lavished on sustaining the psychological thesis that the upper half of its subject is smothered.

It is a matter of some interest in the history of science to sift impersonally the reasons for Newton's delay in announcing his law of universal gravitation. Cajori's unmystical explanation is Newton's inability to calculate the attraction between two spheres on the inverse square law, as he had not sufficiently developed the calculus when he imagined the law. Sullivan curiously slurs this, and states that "Newton probably felt that his idea should be far more richly illustrated before it was announced to the world."

The controversy with Leibnitz, however, is presented quite fairly, and there is a just weighing of Newton's theories in the balance of post-Newtonian physics. The Newton who emerges from Sullivan's pages is a somewhat blurred reflection of Professor More's. This Newton is less irritable, and less acrimonious in controversy than the other, also, perhaps less credible. He is more as some scientists would wish to appear. In spite of Sullivan's best efforts to transmute it, a lune of Sir David Brewster's pewter halo still shades the immortal head.

E. T. B.

## Fiction

*OLD MAN TUTT. By Arthur Train. Scribners.* 1938. $2.50.

It is now officially acknowledged by his creator that Mr. Ephraim Tutt "has been seventy-odd for the last eighteen years," but he has lost none of his zeal for the oppressed or his dislike for the pretentious; he is just as ingenious as ever in finding obscure points of law to back up his side, and in perverting the principle of *stare decisis* into an instrument for the doing of justice. Here are the records of eleven more of his exploits; including "You're Another," which was omitted from the Tutt omnibuses and is reprinted here in response to popular demand. Except for the record of one plagiarism case, which might have been left in the inter-office memoranda of the Curtis Publishing Company, all these are admirable examples of Mr. Tutt's ability and performance. To his unnumbered devotees no more need be said.

E. D.

*THE WORLD GOES SMASH. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin.* 1938. $2.

Essentially, this is the old theme which is such a favorite with Civil War novelists, about the young Northern captain falling in love with a daughter of the South. The date has been transposed to 1940, and the contending forces are those

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| WHY IT HAPPENED<br>*Mrs. Belloc Lowndes*<br>(Longmans, Green: $2.) | Unlovable English lordling shot; early sweetheart of wife accused, convicted, and saved by 11th hour confession. | Begins with killing, cuts back two years, and gradually comes to present, but hardly ever to life. | Somniferous |

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of decency and the organized rackets, which come to a second Civil War for no apparent reason but Mr. Adams's desire to give us his picture of the physical details of the next armed conflict. As might be expected, these details are pretty awful, with victory going to the side that thinks up the ultimate piece of nastiness. Mr. Adams has piled on the horrors till they anesthetize by their own excess; and his formula is so familiar as to rob the story of suspense, but he manages to keep it moving by sheer energy of narration.

F. P.

*MURAL FOR A LATER DAY. By Kathleen Pawle. Dodd, Mead.* 1938. $2.50.

The Tercentenary of the colonizing of Delaware by the Swedes and Finns is to be celebrated in June; hence this novel of the settlement is timely. It begins in Stuart England and moves by way of a love story through Holland and Sweden to the marshes and meadows of the Delaware estuary, in which are laid by far the best of its scenes. The giant Printz, governor of the colony, is the historical figure in its gallery of characters, decidedly one of the most picturesque of our colonial forebears. His four hundred pounds have been celebrated in history, but both the man and his story deserve a place in fiction. This novel is competent, but conventional in its European threads; only when it touches the Indians and the new circumstances of life in a wilderness, does it freshen and come alive. Not Indian wars, but conciliation of the Indians is the theme here, and justly, for Penn's policy of fair-dealing was only a continuation of what he found already in practice when he came to the Delaware. It must be regretfully noted that the artist who did the dust cover evidently thought that the Swedes landed somewhere near the Delaware Water Gap, for one sees the "Kalmar Nyckel" merrily sailing up a narrow river between high hills.

H. S. C.

## Miscellaneous

*WE FARM FOR A HOBBY AND MAKE IT PAY. By Henry Tetlow. Morrow.* 1938. $2.

Six years ago Mr. Tetlow decided to make his forty acres of good Pennsylvania farm land support him and his family. Farm life was not a novelty to the three Tetlows, but although they had gardened a bit, they held to the idea that it was cheaper to buy milk than to keep a cow. Consequently their country life had been costly. This little book tells how the farm was made productive and self-supporting. It is propaganda of the most insidious sort. Take the Tetlow larder at Thanksgiving time! A catalogue of its contents, and the story back of each article is enough to make the most city-hardened reader rush to the nearest real estate office. Mr. Tetlow is practical in his suggestions. The results of his work may sound idyllic but his methods and directions are concrete. They apply, in this case, to a small farm and to a specific section of country, but the principles underlying them are sound and workable.

R. L.


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*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited, to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

**SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL**—An old time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

**BEN JONSON MIGHT HAVE BEEN OUR GUEST** had the Hotel Standish Hall been built 322 years earlier and in England. But his loss is your gain. Here is a New York hotel most conveniently situated for literary people. It is near the cultural center of the city (and away from its blaring traffic and glaring lights). Standish Hall is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the New York Public Library may be reached quickly. Several rooms cost what you would pay for one at many a downtown caravansary. Newly furnished and decorated suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $120 to $145 a month. Kitchenettes have refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing for reservations. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

**THE MOORS.** A Maine Coast Island Inn. Modern improvements. Third Season. Rates, $30.00 weekly. June $21.00. Address, The Moors, Vinalhaven, Maine.

**"DON'T SNORE"** device, $1.00 postpaid. For snorers and mouth-breathers. Satisfaction or money back. S. K. Thaxly Co., Washington, D. C.

**SUMMER** at Pemaquid Point, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, chowder, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Very reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

**A WHITE MOUNTAIN CABIN GUEST HOUSE** with one-car garage. Light housekeeping. Roads good. $5.00 weekly. For details: Box 687-C.

**A PEACEFUL HAVEN** in the foothills for amiable folk of Christian antecedents. On a secluded byroad. One hundred acres of meadow, woodland and stream. Two hundred year old home with all conveniences. Our own farm products. Interesting bounteous meals. No transients after July 1. The Farm on the Hill. R.R. 3 Kingston, N. Y. Telephone 687-J-1.

**AN OLD NEW ENGLAND** farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie, an open fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

**CAMP SILVER BIRCHES,** Canton, Maine, for discriminating women. Rustic simplicity combined with modern convenience. Beach. Recreation hall with great stone fireplace. Excellent meals. $18-$22.50 weekly. Booklet.

**MAINE** at its best all to yourself. Place for few guests in comfortable year-round home. Superior home table. Small island off Mount Desert. Mrs. Velma Teel, Cranberry Isles.

**IF YOU NEED SEA-CLIFFS AND WOODS** in your vacation apply Whale Cove Cottage, Grand Manan Island, Canada. Fresh vegetables. Open fire. No radio. Rates $18 and $20.

**"SEA MEADOWS,"** Cousins Island, Maine. Vacation as guests of "Nouveaus Pauvres" in century-old brick farm house (completely modernized) on island in beautiful Casco Bay. Private bathing beaches, croquet, golf, fishing, boating. Home grown vegetables, eggs, milk. Rates reasonable. Table excellent.

**POET, AUTHOR,** Manhattanite would appreciate letters. Interests: music, literature, politics, outdoors. Box 770-C.

**WOULD APARTMENT** near Gramercy Park appeal for summer? Two rooms, bath, kitchen. Reasonable. Reference. Box 771-C.

**BOARDING SCHOOL TEACHER,** mother of 3 children, ages 6-11, will take child for summer into her Connecticut village home. Ages 3-8 preferred. References. Box 772-C.

**BUSINESS WOMAN** (not earmarked) early thirties, would correspond with not-too-disillusioned man. Box 773-C.

**PHILOSOPHICAL, WHIMSICAL,** professional man, middle thirties, seeks correspondence with philosophical, whimsical, New York City teacher, female, interested in books, lectures, drama, humanism, etc. Box 774-C.

**ARMY OFFICER** desires to rent house in Florida during July. Must be attractive, cool, inexpensive, and near beach. Family of four, two adult, two in teens. Box 775-C.

**MASTER WELL-KNOWN BOYS'** preparatory school eleven years teaching experience, spending summer Brewster, Cape Cod, will tutor any subject, boys or girls. Box 776-C.

**UNIVERSITY GRADUATE,** middle forties, highest credentials and integrity, member of alimony club, needs position very badly in order that he may pay the prescribed sum and keep out of jail. Will do anything, go anywhere; name your own salary. Please help me obtain a position. Full particulars on request. Box 777-C.

**PAGING MR. U. S.** (35-50)! Let's correspond—about plays, gardening, travel, anything. Miss Southern California.

**THINKING OF BUYING** in the country? Why not try out living there while you look for just the right place? On South Mountain Road, New City, New York, three miles from High Tor, large red barn containing modernly designed, well built, completely furnished apartment. Large studio, north light, two bedrooms, kitchen, bath, summer maid's room. Tennis on grounds, golf nearby. Yearly lease beginning now or October 1. UN 4-0069.

**MODERATE RENT:** near Berkshire Lake, salt box farmhouse, furnished antiques, six rooms, pyrofax, electricity, two baths; also furnished light-housekeeping apartment, electric cooking, separately. E. Booth, Canaan, N. Y.

**LIBRARIAN**—recent Columbia Library School graduate—wants school or college library of her own. Box 769-C.

**GUESS 100** ingenious charades. $1.00 postpaid. Sarah Pratt, 4215 Park Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

**EDUCATED WOMAN,** attractive, companionable, would exchange friendly letters with cultured middle-aged men. Box 641-C.

**AVAILABLE:** Secretary, young man, 24; intelligent, competent, experienced, unencumbered; facility at shorthand and typing. M. J. Michaux, 6552 North Ashland, Chicago, Ill.

**APARTMENT**—four rooms, to sublet. Three months, $150. Box 764-C, or RH. 4-0619.

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**THE BLUE DOOR.** Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers quiet and rest—good food, good beds, on open fire. Ideal for writers and others seeking comfortable and serene living. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

**CAPE COD.** Waterfront cottage at Chatham, Mass., new, furnished, gas, water, electricity, large fireplace. For three people and occasional guests. Private beach. Rent $450 for season. Clark Kennedy, 86 Broadway, New Haven, Conn. or Mrs. Margaret Karr, Chatham.

**LEISURELY SUMMER AUTO TOUR** of west, congenial male companion wanted share expenses. Box 615-C.

**WELLESLEY UNDERGRADUATE** available as governess or companion to deaf and hard-of-hearing children or women. References. Box 778-C.

**SOMEONE WILL LOVE** to rent or buy my 9-room authentic, Colonial house. Westchester County. Restricted. Oil heat, unlimited water supply, 1½ acres. Unfurnished. Club and lake privileges. Box 779-C.

**YOUNG WOMAN,** 30, Hebrew, Esthete, Dilettante, Liberal, resident of the South, invites stimulating correspondence. Galatea.

**THESE THREE!** Young writer and her parents hunt sea-spot in Maine away from tourist, yet not away from folk. Furnished cottage possibly in fishing community, for moderate long-season rent, with tides right by for naturalist father. Come, suggest! Box 780-C.

**STUDIO APARTMENT.** 5 rooms over barn—garage. July-August $60, pleasant town, private lawn and trees. 17 miles from New York. Box 781-C.

**CAPABLE WOMAN** desires opportunity, cultured home where managerial plus secretarial and seamstress ability can be used. Free to go anywhere. Drive car. Box 782-C.

**NOW TILL OCTOBER:** Overlooking Hudson, delightful surroundings, Riverdale, with garden, garage. Fully furnished, small house, suitable couple. $80 month. Halifax 5-2720.

**OGUNQUIT**—Rent for August—4-room bungalow, near ocean, best location, accommodates three. All conveniences. Rent $150. Apply A. C. Williamson, Ogunquit, Maine.

**HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGES,** secluded in high, wooded areas near Lake Waramaug, $100 and up. Clientele restricted. Eagle Rest Inn, New Preston, Conn.

**FOR RENT:** House, eight rooms, three baths. Attractively furnished: shady grounds. Ten minutes' drive from George Washington Bridge, New Jersey side. Box 783-C.

**PROFESSIONAL** Protestant woman, Murray Hill section, wishes to meet congenial woman to buy and share expenses of second-hand Ford for week-ends. References exchanged. Box 784-C.

**WANTED,** from June 15 - September 15, in vicinity country surrounding Morristown, New Jersey, summer quarters for family of three adults. Low rental, or use of eight-room city apartment, fully furnished, opposite Natural History Museum. Box 785-C.

**WORLD'S WORST WRITER** will welcome witty words with wrinkleless writer, wheresoe'er, whatsoe'er. Winnie. Box 786-C.

**COLLEGE MAN,** middle-thirties, sense of humor, interests books, theatre, sports, seeks correspondence with cultured, educated young lady of breeding. Box 787-C.

**PROFESSIONAL SUMMER THEATRE** in New England has two unexpected vacancies in select Apprentice Group. Box 833, Lawrenceville, N. J.

**FOR RENT,** July only, cool, comfortable, shabby house, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths; large, shady unkempt grounds; fine for children or adults seeking green quietude. New Canaan, Conn. $60. Box 789-C.

**HARVARD PROFESSOR** will rent for season or longer, his all-year 8-room furnished home, southern New Hampshire, Monadnock Region. 60 miles from Boston, 1200 ft. altitude, every modern convenience, lovely grounds, garden. $425 season. Box 790-C.

**BOARD FOR CHILDREN,** on farm; large home; a college graduate and teacher. Mrs. Jones, Stafford, N. Y.

**WOMAN WRITER** leaving city like to place English colored maid for summer. Perfect cook, seamstress, beautician, household manager, unusual ability. Will travel. Box 791-C.

# Double-Crostics: No. 219

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1-E | 2-S | ■ | 3-P | 4-C | 5-R | 6-J | 7-T | 8-X | 9-B | 10-O | 11-W | ■ | 12-H | 13-F | 14-I |
| ■ | 15-D | 16-A | ■ | 17-L | 18-M | 19-T | 20-P | 21-N | 22-O | 23-G | 24-L | 25-S | ■ | 26-E | 27-D |
| ■ | 28-J | 29-R | 30-C | 31-Q | 32-W | 33-P | 34-T | 35-K | 36-B | ■ | 37-J | 38-O | 39-W | 40-D | ■ |
| 41-V | 42-S | 43-X | 44-O | 45-F | 46-Q | ■ | 47-D | 48-G | ■ | 49-V | 50-A | 51-P | 52-X | ■ | 53-F |
| 54-H | ■ | 55-F | 56-V | ■ | 57-E | 58-I | ■ | 59-K | 60-D | 61-E | 62-M | ■ | 63-T | 64-C | 65-B |
| 66-H | 67-C | ■ | 68-B | 69-S | 70-T | 71-I | 72-G | 73-N | ■ | 74-K | 75-G | ■ | 76-R | 77-W | 78-C |
| 79-U | 80-M | 81-T | 82-V | 83-P | ■ | 84-E | 85-A | 86-F | ■ | 87-U | 88-V | 89-H | 90-J | ■ | 91-B |
| 92-I | 93-J | 94-U | 95-T | 96-S | 97-A | 98-F | 99-X | ■ | 100-F | 101-W | 102-I | ■ | 103-X | 104-D | ■ |
| 105-A | 106-F | ■ | 107-L | 108-N | 109-G | 110-O | 111-J | 112-B | 113-Q | 114-S | 115-P | 116-W | 117-H | ■ | 118-L |
| 119-E | ■ | 120-W | 121-P | 122-E | 123-X | 124-N | 125-K | 126-T | 127-M | 128-A | ■ | 129-B | 130-D | 131-C | 132-F |
| 133-J | 134-H | 135-A | ■ | 136-H | 137-O | 138-F | 139-E | ■ | 140-A | 141-E | 142-O | ■ | 143-N | 144-I | 145-G |
| 146-U | ■ | 147-C | 148-B | ■ | 149-V | 150-Q | 151-U | 152-G | 153-W | 154-H | 155-N | 156-K | 157-B | 158-X | 159-C |
| 160-I | ■ | 161-D | 162-A | 163-I | 164-S | 165-S | ■ | 166-U | 167-D | 168-A | ■ | 169-G | 170-N | 171-C | 172-R |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

A. Cleansing.

B. Confused.

C. London fashionable equestrian way (2 words).

D. English novelist and dramatist (1640-1689) (full name).

E. Designating Chinese epithets of respect.

F. One who holds that there is no devil.

G. Evince.

H. Transitoriness.

I. Life-history of an individual organism.

J. English warrior and statesman (1428-1471).

K. Took delight or pleasure in.

L. Epic poem.

M. Jerk (colloq.).

N. Prayers.

O. Subtle discrimination.

P. English novelist (1857-1903).

Q. Fissure.

R. Dark.

S. Escaped; evaporated.

T. Taunting.

U. Floating in water.

V. Secure the support of.

W. State name of Kansas.

X. Pope's private Vatican Chapel.

### WORDS

50 162 135 140 168 97 128 16 105 85

112 9 148 129 91 36 157 65 68

4 147 67 159 78 30 64 171 131

47 130 167 27 161 15 60 40 104

141 139 1 26 61 57 119 84 122

132 98 55 13 100 106 45 53 86 138

169 145 152 23 75 72 109 48

12 66 134 154 89 136 54 117

163 58 102 92 71 144 14 160

93 6 133 37 111 28 90

156 74 59 35 125

24 107 118 17

62 18 127 80

170 73 155 21 108 124 143

22 38 137 142 10 110 44

83 20 121 51 115 33 3

150 113 46 31

5 76 29 172

69 164 2 114 96 42 165 25

7 95 126 19 34 81 70 63

87 151 146 79 94 166

88 82 49 41 56 149

11 153 101 120 39 116 32 77

43 103 99 52 158 8 123

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# Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

PLEASED to see the good old New Haven R.R. giving the book business a lift. "Next time you go to New England," said one of their recent ads., "pick up a good book, get aboard a fast train, and RELAX." ☞*The Colophon*, 229 W. 43 St., offers a cash prize of $50 for the best article written by a college student (including those who graduate this spring) about his or her own personal collection. MSS. must be submitted by August 31. ☞Among interesting things noticed in casual reading: In Bertram Rota's catalogue 57, that John Buchan won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford in 1898, for a poem on *The Pilgrim Fathers*. ☞In Goodspeed's catalogue 297, that Jefferson Davis in 1854 got an appropriation from Congress to import camels to solve the problem of hauling heavy goods in the West. But the Civil War and the spread of railroads ended the experiment. ☞An article by Charles Dutton in *The Commonweal* says that one of Kipling's visitors in Brattleboro, Vermont, was the famous sea-writer Clark Russell—who refused to go for the cruise in a Gloucester fishing schooner that inspired *Captains Courageous*.

☞Old Q.'s recommendations for graduation gifts (of course next after a subscription to the *S.R.L.*)—For anyone going to visit Britain, *Jefferies' England* (Harpers, $3) a selection of Richard Jefferies' delightful nature-writings, with some lovely photos. ☞For anyone going to New England, Mr. Canby's superb one-volume edition of Thoreau (including much material hitherto not easy of access) also with superb photographs. (Houghton Mifflin, $5). ☞For those who have never yet found John Milton (both poetry and prose) in an edition at once complete and attractive, the Random House one-volume Milton ($3.50). ☞For those who have been fed to the teeth with good literature and just want to get away from it all with good criminal amusement, here are three really good detective stories: *They Talked of Poison*, by March Evermay; *Hasty Wedding*, by Mignon Eberhart; *The Death of a Celebrity*, by Hulbert Footner. ☞In *They Talked of Poison*, a story of 363 pp., we doubt if any reader is likely to spot the murderer before the first sentence on p. 333.

☞A room in Wieboldt Hall at the University of Chicago has been set aside for the Harriet Monroe collection of modern poetry. This includes over 2000 volumes of contemporary verse and files of Miss Monroe's earnest correspondence with poets during 25 years. ☞We ourself have always been more interested in the poems themselves than in the letters the poets write about them; but Miss Monroe had some gift of long-suffering enthusiasm. As far back as 1886 she elicited some rather fatuous letters from R. L. Stevenson and exchanged photos with him. ☞A remarkable exhibition of famous Firsts in English literature is on show at the Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36 Street, open to the public daily (except Sunday) until July 1st, 10 to 5. ☞The always watchful Philip Duschness sends us an excellent piece by Sir Hugh Walpole in the London *Star* about Unjustly Forgotten Novelists. He mentions the following:—Miss Braddon, Maurice Hewlett, "Zack" (who wrote *On Trial*), Arthur Morrison, John Oliver Hobbes, Israel Zangwill, George Gissing, Charles Marriott, Mrs. Humphry Ward, F. Marion Crawford. ☞Sir Hugh remarks that "scarcely a novelist alive in England today knows how to tell a story," but he makes a liberal exception in favor of C. S. Forester. ☞A book by a British novelist for which we make an advance prophesy of large success is Bruce Marshall's *Luckypenny*.

☞The Pulitzer Prize for *The Late George Apley* was hailed with enthusiasm by surviving classmates of Mr. Apley, Harvard '87. Little, Brown inform us that Mr. Apley was recognized by the class at its 50th anniversary last year, and toasted by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

## S. R. L. Geography

☞Once a year or so we look over the *Saturday Review's* figures for geographical distribution. They always offer surprises. It surprises us, for instance, that China gets 58 copies of the *SRL* to Japan's 28. Hawaii has the largest number of subscribers outside the American continent—103. Canada takes 271 copies; England 86; France 53. Germany only 17, the same as the Canal Zone and Mexico. Scotland, with its well known thrift, has only 1 subscriber, which puts it in the same class with Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Haiti, Panama, Albania, Algeria, Bulgaria, Denmark, Hungary, Norway, and the Straits Settlements. Italy takes 11 copies, Turkey, 10, India 13, Holland 13, Sweden 9. Australia and Africa, both large continents, might use more than 4 apiece we think? Iraq has 4 and even little Switzerland takes 5. Practically every nation in the world is represented except the one that was once the subject of a long series of articles in this paper—*viz.* Peru. That must have torn it, for the list handed us contains no Peruvian subscriber.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 218)

B. CARMAN AND R. HOVEY: "VAGABONDIA."

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